

# NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

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## Contents

**Cover Design:** SLEIGHING SCENE ON BLOOMINGDALE ROAD, NEW YORK, painted by August Wenderoth, and dated 1850. Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

### EDITORIAL

If I Could Talk to You	Sarah Corbin Robert	2
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### FEATURE ARTICLES

The Fourth Genius	John Allen Murray	4
"They Shall Give Their Votes"	Mary Jane Brumley	9
"I Heartily Wish You A Happy New Year!"		10
A Home Doctor of the Revolution	Vivian Lyon Moore	12
Distinguished Daguerreotypes, XI		16
Cats in American History	Catherine Cate Coblenz	18
The Spirit of the Hand-Made, XVIII. Netting and Needlework in the Early Days	Edna M. Colman and Helen S. Johnson	22
Two Old Hearthstones	Rebecca Parrish	29
"Lords of Misrule"	Pearl H. Stewart	30
Around the Calendar with Famous Americans, V. Paul Revere	Louise Hartley	34
Ancestors and Life Planning	Roy E. McFee	42

### FICTION

White Walls	Gussie Ross Jobe	36
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### VERSE

Breathe Gently	Bessie Schenck Bunten	15
To a Weeping Japanese Cherry Tree	Bessie Schenck Bunten	21
Stone Chimney	Margaret E. Bruner	28
Moccasins of Magic	Mabel Natalie Erickson	40
Wandering	Rhoda Greenberg	65

### REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Genealogical		44
News Items		54
Book Reviews		57
Committee Reports		59
State Conferences		63
Junior Membership		66

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### SPECIAL NOTICE

On October 25, 1939, the National Board of Management passed the following resolution:

"That the Treasurer General, Magazine Chairman, two members of the Finance Committee, and Editor make up a budget of \$30,000.00 divided into quarterly portions of \$7,500.00 each beginning January 1, 1940, this amount to cover every expense of the Magazine for one year. The budget to be adjusted as, and if, the income of the Magazine increases."

Within the limitations of the budget, the contents of this magazine represent the tastes of the members as revealed through the questionnaire sent out by the President General to the various chapters. An increase in subscriptions and advertisements will permit a bigger and better magazine.

# IF I COULD TALK TO YOU

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

President General, N. S. D. A. R.

WITH January comes the year of Golden Jubilee. It should mean much to all Daughters of the American Revolution, and through them, it should mean much to our fellow citizens. By the individual member there should be increased realization that the Society is essentially national, that it was founded as such, that its members are admitted into the National Society by the National Society, and that its strength and service depend first upon the extent to which it fulfills its national obligations. The great achievements of the Society in these fifty years are a practical demonstration of the power of united effort.

The New Year often gives rise to new determination. In these months before we celebrate our fiftieth anniversary, it will be profitable carefully to consider not alone the accomplishment that makes the Society great, but also the factors that keep it small. Though in some respects its service to America may not have been duplicated by any other organization, there are ways in which the Society is hampered in attaining its own highest development and usefulness. At the forthcoming Continental Congress, a few amendments to the By-Laws, designed to assure greater efficiency in administration, will be considered.

In my talks as President General, I have often said that the success of our republic will depend upon the extent to which its citizens are able each to contribute the best gift of which he is individually capable to America. I have added also that to transform society, it is first necessary to transform the individual. This is equally true of our National Society. The organization will rise no higher than the intelligence, good judgment and patriotism of its individual members. Your participation in the Golden Jubilee of the National Society will become enriched as you yourselves promote those objects for which the Society

was founded. Never in our history were your ministrations so needed and never were your opportunities so great.

In a state recently visited, a member said: "I wish that you would tell us where you are when you write those messages for the Magazine." Another standing near by added: "And what you think about."

As I write for our first issue of the new year, I am crossing the rolling plains of Nebraska and Iowa on one of those crisp, glorious days that have prevailed almost continuously during two months of traveling in all sections of the country except the southwest. For a month, the gatherings have been special state meetings open to all members, and allowing greater freedom for discussion than the crowded programs of the state conferences.

As to my thoughts, after visiting four of our approved schools and attending one state conference in less than one week, I realize how easy it would be for a larger number of our members to become directly acquainted with the service and the needs of these schools. In contrast to my first visit twelve years ago, when mule and jolt-wagon offered the only means of transportation, good roads now reach all the schools. Whether large or small, whether designed for grammar grades or for college students, each has its individual appeal. The more I see of the teachers and the faculty of these schools, the more I become convinced that they are as much home missionaries as were those pioneer circuit riders sent out by the churches of an earlier day.

The attendance at meetings in the northwest has been remarkable. In most states, about twenty-five percent of the entire membership was present. In Washington, with two meetings, one east and one west

of the mountains, the number reached one-third of all members in the state. In some of our eastern states, a similar percentage would mean an attendance of from three to five thousand. In the uncertainties of northern climate and mountain roads in November, many of these women drove several hundred miles to reach the place of meeting. Do we who live in the east, where opportunities are many and near at hand, fail to appreciate them?

Frontiers have vanished in our Society as in our country. Our western members make good use of the literature and other material provided by the National Society. Wyoming planned a "Book Review" which proved to be a questionnaire on the Handbook. When members learned how little they knew about regular activities of the Society, twenty copies were immediately purchased.

In South Dakota, a state of but few chapters, the child of a veteran serving in army, navy or marine corps during the World War, is annually aided in securing higher education through a fund of five thousand dollars raised by the small number of members.

Oftentimes we are thought to have too many national committees. I note with interest that in nearly every state, emphasis is placed upon a different branch of our work. Among those apparently favored by different states in the northwest are historical preservation, Junior American Citizens, Student Loan, Americanization and National Defense through Patriotic Education. In one state, most of the questions asked at the Round Table were upon national defense, and practically the only questions asked by the reporters were upon the same subject. Washington and Oregon, recognizing a pressing need, do much personal practical work in the Naturalization Courts and at the Immigration Station of the port of Seattle. Although our projects may be too many for all states to emphasize all, they are justified in that the energies of at least one state finds principal expression in sponsoring the work of its choice.

My visit to Montana coincided with its fiftieth anniversary of statehood. It was an unusual privilege to speak to eight hundred high school students on that day.

Last month I wrote of the presentation of the portrait of Caroline Scott Harrison to the Harrison Mansion in Indianapolis. My surprise and pleasure was great when, at a meeting in Utah, I met the charter member who read the poem to Mrs. Harrison at the unveiling of the original portrait at the Third Continental Congress. And she has promised to come back for the Golden Jubilee celebration next fall.

In Idaho, chapters telegraphed asking that I be on the platform as the train stopped in their city. As I returned for the third time, carrying a corsage or a book prettily wrapped like Christmas, the porter said: "Lady, you sho' is well thought of." What a responsibility for any President General to maintain that tradition of our National Society.

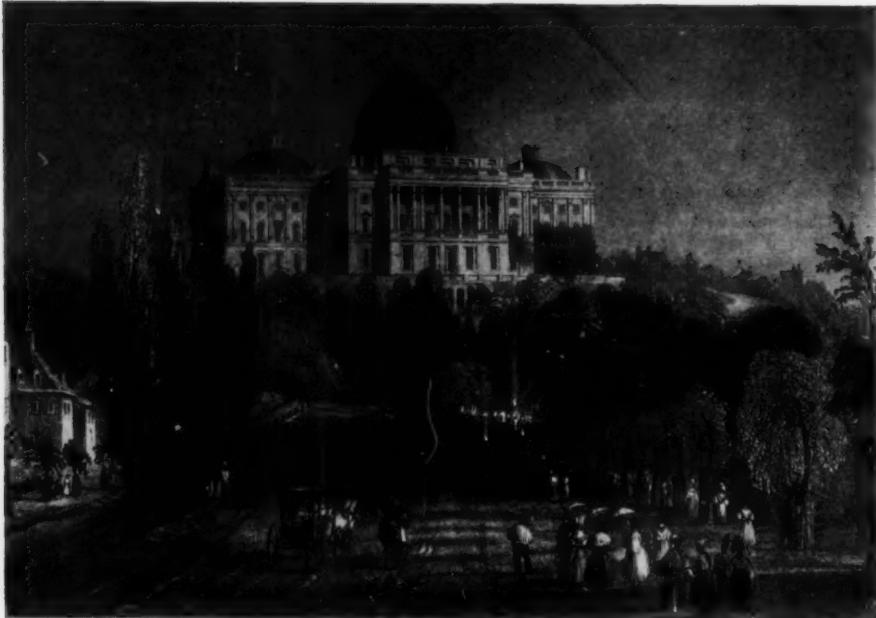
The inspiration from a few brief trips into the wide open spaces convinces me that a President General should regard a "play time" as a necessary duty of her office.



With the increasing use of the lineages of the National Society, inquiries frequently come to the Business Office for copies of the earliest volumes. Chapters throughout the country may render a distinct service to libraries if they will offer to the National Society any early volumes of the lineages which are found among the possessions of deceased members.



There are very few complete files of the Magazine available. It may be that charter members will have the earliest numbers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Before disposing of these, will chapters please consult with the Magazine Office at Memorial Continental Hall? As the Fiftieth Anniversary approaches, there is a renewed interest on the part of some libraries to complete their files.



THE WEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL AS IT APPEARED ABOUT 1830

*From an old engraving*

## The Fourth Genius

JOHN ALLEN MURRAY

*Last January we published Mr. Murray's sketch of the White House development entitled "Simply Superb". It seems equally fitting to begin this year by printing the following sketch, by the same author, of the Capitol's development*

THE superb natural site for the Capitol of the United States George Washington chose long before the Constitution was adopted. He looked off into the sky and back again down onto a wilderness. There, with the aid of his celestial observation, he could meditate a great dream.

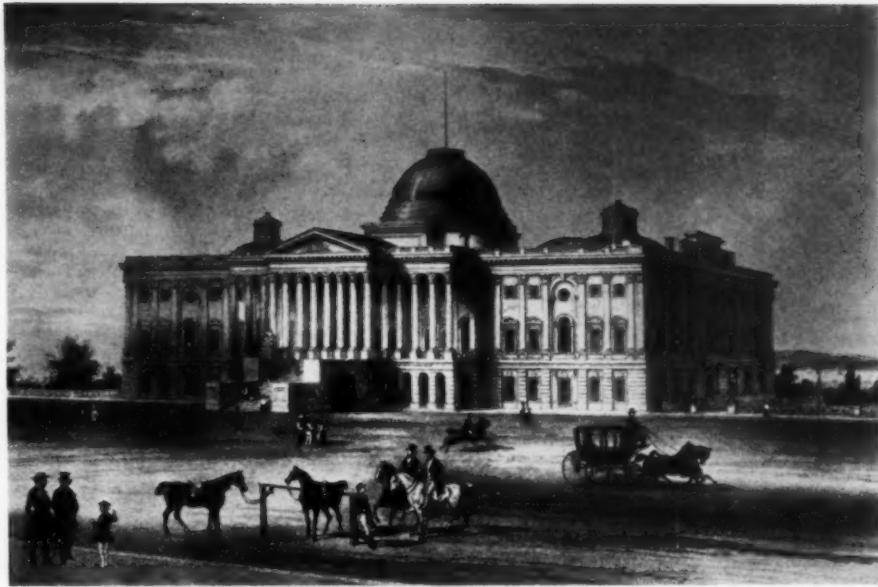
Where he stood high above the Potomac, a meeting house for the Congress should rise. It would stand as he stood, but face the east—get strength from the dawn. And west a mile through a magnificent distance toward the Potomac there was a clearing along its shore line where there would be built a house for the Presidents to dwell.

Up the river, only around the crescent, lay the seaport of Georgetown in Maryland at the head of navigation, and on down the Potomac less than a score miles his own home stood upon the Virginia shore. The

very exhilaration of what he pondered drove him to Jefferson. And Thomas Jefferson did not have to see with the eyes alone to expand with Washington.

The brief words which he soon penned into his draft of the Constitution provided for a "district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may by cession of particular states \* \* \* become the seat of government of the United States." It fit perfectly the great tract of land which lay between.

But Mr. Jefferson rarely saw alike with Alexander Hamilton. On where the seat of government should be they were just as far apart as Congress, and Congress was deadlocked. It was the very first session, the lineal descent of the Continental Congress. The north was in a frenzy and the south was in a fury of indignation. The north would not have it established on the



*From an old engraving*

THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL AS IT APPEARED ABOUT 1830

banks of the Potomac, and the south refused to accept New York, or Pennsylvania, Delaware or any site the north proposed to Congress.

One evening in 1789 as dusk was falling over New York, then the temporary seat of government, Jefferson and Hamilton walked alone. They paced the pavement before Hamilton's residence—Jefferson, the first Secretary of State, and Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, but each with the power of Congress within his grasp, one south, the other north. One by one all the proposed sites in the north faded with the dimming light. Even Mr. Hamilton's favored site vanished as though it were a quickly forgotten memory because he had a grand scheme of his own, different in nature, but which Mr. Jefferson had opposed.

They paced back and forth long after street lamps were lighted, yet with their first glow infinitely brighter had become Hamilton's plan for the general government to assume the debts incurred by the original states during the Revolution. It must have been a hard driven trade, the time it took. But yet it was not confirmed until a few nights later across Jefferson's

own dinner table. He then was assured by certain northern legislative gentlemen that the south would not be further opposed in its choice of the banks of the Potomac.

When President Washington signed the bill July 16, 1790, he loaded his very soul with its crushing complexities. Congress, glad to be rid of so vexing a matter, burdened and embarrassed him with much that it should have thought out. Already Maryland and Virginia had ceded to Congress the required territory but the best minds of the country had no idea of its topography. For that matter, in the primitive state of the entire nation, they were woefully ignorant of all the states.

Congress could only approximate the territory and left it to the President to finally determine its bounds. In spite of all this the legislation specified that prior to the first Monday in December 1800 the government must be permanently established there. To conquer an untamed nature did not enter into calculations apparently, nor the doubt that it would be possible within ten years to produce out of a wilderness a capital city befitting the dignity of the United States.

Washington and the Commissioners he appointed plunged at once into the task of laying out the district ten miles square as had been set forth by the Constitution. And Peter Charles L'Enfant, a French civil engineer, who had served as a major in the Engineer Corps of the Continental Army, began to put down on paper his conception of what it ought to be like.

Thomas Jefferson furnished him with maps of cities collected in his foreign travels. But they were stolid and unpoetic and it vexed him. He sought after the beautiful, the aesthetic, this tall, thin Frenchman who wore his hair plastered with pomatum close to his head. He turned more fondly to St. Cloud, to Versailles, to Paris—to their streets, their palaces, their art for his inspiration.

The corner-stone was laid at Hunter's Point on the Potomac just below Alexandria, and on that fixed position they could find the exact center of the district. It did not surprise either of them that the lines which were drawn north, south, east and west should cross on the brow of the hill eighty feet above the level of the Potomac, chosen long before by Washington as the site for Congress House.

L'Enfant drew a map such as no one had ever seen—struck a high poetic note in grace and symmetry. He radiated avenues from the site of Congress House not unlike the spokes of a wheel. He carried them as though they were the paths of the gods into circles and parks and squares. He sent the understanding of the beautiful soaring without limit by adorning these with classic fountains and great monuments and artistic statuary.

But there was no Congress House even in design; no President's House, no public buildings—nothing tangible of the permanent seat of government save L'Enfant's map. And this he clung to as though it were priceless to himself alone. Once Congress saw it briefly, and he was envious of every moment. Finally, no one could see it, no matter from what high eminence the demand had come. It was not for public inspection; not to be engraved.

"I did not expect to meet with such perverseness in Major L'Enfant," Washington said, astonished.

And he was as ruthless as his genius was superb. Nothing in the path of his beautiful avenues he would allow to remain.

But it broke his heart when the Commissioners removed him from office. By great fortune Andrew Ellicott, his assistant, possessed material upon which to duplicate the map. Otherwise, Washington said, "It is probable that no engraving from Mr. L'Enfant's draught ever would have been exhibited."

His genius was dead but the framework that was his body lived proudly on.

\* \* \* \* \*

The project to build the capital in a wilderness was mercilessly under fire. Opponents could never forgive, never forget. "The enemies of the enterprise," Washington said, "will take advantage of the retirement of L'Enfant to trumpet the whole affair as an abortion." But in that same month he managed to give them something else more absorbing to talk about. He advertised in newspapers for designs to be submitted for a Capitol.

To begin with, such a method to obtain plans was unheard of. They talked of this and they talked of wild extravagance. True enough, the advertisements that appeared in the newspapers were, as it was generally suspected, the idea of Thomas Jefferson, a plan fostered by him to eliminate personal favoritism and to assure selection of the finest design. Moreover, it is not clear but that he was the author of these words:

"WASHINGTON IN THE TERRITORY OF  
COLUMBIA"

"A premium of a lot in this city to be designated by impartial judges, and five hundred dollars, or a medal of that value at the option of the party, will be given by the Commissioners of the Federal buildings to the person who before the 15th of July, 1792, shall produce to them the most approved plan for a Capitol to be erected in this city; and two hundred and fifty dollars, or a medal, to the plan deemed next in merit to the one they shall adopt. The building to be of brick, and to contain the following apartments to wit: a conference room and a room for the Representatives, sufficient to accommodate three hundred persons each; a lobby or ante-room to the latter; a Senate room of twelve hundred square feet area; an ante-chamber; twelve rooms of six hundred square feet each for

Committee rooms and clerks' offices. It will be a recommendation of any plan if the central part of it may be detached and erected for the present with the appearance of a complete whole, and be capable of admitting additional parts in future, if they shall be wanted. Drawings will be expected of the ground plots, elevations of each front, and sections through the building in such directions as may be necessary to explain the internal structure; and an estimate of the cubic feet of brick work composing the whole mass of the walls."

"March 14, 1792."

All sixteen designs this brought Washington studied personally. The genius he was looking for he found in an amateur architect, Dr. William Thornton.

The President at first sight of his design was enthusiastic over "the grandeur, simplicity and beauty of the exterior; the propriety with which the apartments are distributed, and the economy of the whole mass of the structure." But Mr. Jefferson favored the plans of Stephen Hallett, a French architect, who also resided in Philadelphia.

From the very first Hallett was envious of Dr. Thornton. Soon it seemed to Washington another L'Enfant had landed with a dull and sickening thud upon his doorstep. Hallett promptly questioned the practicable application of the Thornton design. The President called both to his office in Philadelphia, and permitted each to bring with him competent undertakers, such as builders were called, for practical advice. Hallett recommended drastic changes, which all but destroyed the "noble appearance" of the building so much admired by Washington. Finally these were extensively modified, and the President said, "He (Hallett) has preserved most of the valuable ideas . . . so that it is considered Dr. Thornton's plan rendered into practical form."

Hallett never ceased to criticize, bringing Washington's patience to the danger point. At length he attempted to reduce costs by diminishing the building's size. "When General Washington saw the extent of the alterations proposed," Dr. Thornton said, "he expressed his disapprobation in a style of such warmth as his dignity and self command seldom permitted." Thus quickly

and with a sense of relief another was compelled to join L'Enfant in thwarted hopes and ambitions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Washington's old elm is still standing on Capitol Hill, nursed with tender care. From its shade he watched the foundation of Congress House rise. Each great hewn stone that was laid while he was there he saw swung into place with derricks, and he was there hour after hour supplying what now is tremendous heart value if but to touch one of those blocks of earthly mineral matter, or stand under that tree, a living thing while he lived.

He had been authorized by the Congress of 1790 to provide "suitable buildings for the accommodation of Congress, and of the President, and for the public offices of the government." But each hour that he saw their development he was haunted by the hideous spectre of financing them, for Congress ignored his appeals. The high sounding phrase inserted in the bill by which he was "authorized and requested to accept grants of money" seemed an empty hope. The project was barely kept alive by the trickle of money from the sale of lots within the Federal district. At critical moments he turned to Virginia and to Maryland for assistance. Yet when the day came to lay the corner-stone in the foundation of the Capitol, he had all the appearance of a fine confident figure without care.

The days that crowded one another into the next few years sometimes were happy, but mostly they brought to him a heavy heart. Wild primitive nature was not easy to tame. It was a heavy, ponderous task to transport supplies from their source, the many ox teams pressed into service being so slow. Months were required sometimes to import workmen from Europe. Astonishingly, America could not supply them in the numbers required. Politicians were glib in their criticism of progress. So, perhaps, there was cause to exult in 1796 when the House of Representatives was informed, "The foundation of the Capitol is laid."

No capital ever before had been projected in a wilderness. No nation in the first year of its government had ever undertaken so bold an enterprise. The walls of the foundation below and above ground, the re-

port said, "is of different thickness and is computed to average fourteen feet high and nine feet thick." The foundation was completed, it is true, but less than another year would find Washington in retirement, his second term in the Presidency at an end. He had unfailing faith in his country, its vast development, its huge physical future.

The florid, rotund John Adams, when he succeeded to the Presidency, promised Washington to make the city of his dreams a capital in fact as well as in name. Beyond Adams, alas, he could not know.

The nation had mourned his death nearly fifteen months before Jefferson was inaugurated at the Capitol in 1801. Even then the Senate wing was scarcely habitable, and the House wing had not progressed further than its foundation, its jagged masonry unchanged since the report to the House of Representatives back in 1798 while Washington was still President.

Jefferson threw the full vigor of his fifty-seven years into the development of George Washington's city. He and Benjamin Henry Latrobe burned candles long into nights at the President's House to create a masterpiece of art on Capitol Hill. Latrobe, an Englishman, whom Jefferson had found in Richmond in Virginia, where he settled upon arriving in this country, was another extraordinary genius, the most versatile of them all.

The Capitol, as completed by 1811, surely would have pleased Washington. It was like a huge picture framed by massive virgin timber, miraculous, rich, and beautiful. There were portions of its interior worthy of the admiration of the world. Yet it was destroyed. Shamefully, wilfully it was burned in 1814.

Latrobe was called to begin all over again the task he had so recently completed, and he made it all the more splendid. Congress once more resumed its sessions there December 7, 1819, but actually it was not completed to the old copper covered dome until sixteen years after it had been sacked. Thus it became known as the Capitol of 1830.

But the growth of the country was more rapid than any foresight in the day and times of George Washington. By 1850 the increase in population, the admission of new states, the acquisition of new territory caused Congress to provide for the erection of two additional wings—the present historic chambers of the Senate and the House of Representatives. All during the Civil War, in spite of the frequent near-presence of the enemy, construction went forward uninterrupted on the dome. Finally, soon

after the end of that conflict, it was completed. And from its top the Goddess of Freedom gazes into the east, as a seeming tribute to the genius who looked into the sky and back onto a wilderness.



# “They Shall Give Their Votes”

MARY JANE BRUMLEY

“ELECTION Day” and November—the Twain are now synonymous. But it hasn’t always been so. January was the all-important month back in 1789 when our first national election was held. This month was set as early as September, 1788, when the eleven States which had already ratified the Constitution proceeded to organize the new form of government established thereunder. Article II of the Constitution states that Congress “may determine the time of choosing the electors and the day on which they shall give their votes” and the infant Congress was not slow in exercising its new prerogative.

They ordered forthwith that States should choose Presidential electors on the first Wednesday in January, 1789, that those electors should cast their votes for President and Vice President on the first Wednesday in February, and that the Congress should assemble on the first Wednesday in March.\*

Today’s “popular vote” was an unknown quantity in 1789 and the power of the prospective electors was a thing with which to conjure. The favored ones were chosen by the Legislatures in all except four States—in some instances by joint ballot; in other cases by a concurrent vote of the two legislative branches. In general, events moved quite smoothly, historians tell us, and by nightfall everything was quiet.

In New York alone occurred a serious squabble. There the local Legislature was “a house divided,” the lower chamber being strongly Anti-Federalist and the Senate strongly Federalist. The former demanded a joint ballot; the latter, a concurrent vote. A deadlock resulted and the Legislature adjourned sine die. As a result, New York did not vote for our first President.

New Hampshire, too, had its troubles, what with the Senate claiming a right to negative the House choice. Toward midnight the House yielded, entering “a solemn protest,” and chose electors, every one of

\* This date, incidentally, chanced to fall on March fourth and so became fixed as the date on which incoming Presidents took office.

whom was an undoubted Federalist. Massachusetts solved its particular problem by having two electors chosen at large and eight by the Legislature. These eight were taken from a list of twenty-four names sent up by the eight Congressional districts.

There was a heated race, with two tickets in the field and much that smacked of present-day election practices, in Maryland, a state given to Anti-Federalism and paper money. There, electors were literally “the people’s choice” with all the accompanying fanfare. “Meetings were held, addresses published, each party accused the other of fraud and the country districts were actively canvassed,” relates one authority. The Federalist group stated that Washington was “their candidate,” and so won handsomely.

That was a master stroke, for Washington was a universal choice. “Those were peaceful days while the electors waited to cast their votes,” says John Bach MacMaster, noted American historian. “There were no rival candidates, no hand bills, no pamphlets, no lampooning, no abuse.” None was pledged to any name, but there wasn’t much surmise as to how things would go.

Only for Vice President was there discussion and disagreement. The modern question of regional preference came to the fore with a vengeance. Many thought that John Adams, a New Englander, should be Vice President; some Southerners thought this an excellent reason for his not being. Then, too, Adams had lived abroad and many felt that he had absorbed monarchical ideas, unfitted for a republic. New York advanced a rival candidate in their favorite son, Clinton, and got out a circular letter in his behalf.

The rest is history—how the electors met on the appointed day and cast those ballots that totaled a unanimous choice of George Washington as President of the infant republic; a preference repeated in four years. But that unanimity of allegiance has never been possessed by any other candidate and, very likely, never will be. Our first national election was a very special occasion.



## “I Heartily Wish You

THE following letter, describing the celebration of the New Year in Washington nearly a hundred years ago, was written by Charles Whipple to his brother, Stephen. The daguerreotype of a third brother, Heman, was published on page 7 of the November issue.

Washington, D. C. Columbia College  
January 1st. 1842.

My dear Brother

I heartily wish you a happy New Year Stephen. Today is the 1st. of the year of 1842 and it has been quite an interesting one to me. You must know that the president gives a levee, and different societies celebrate and etc. Today the temperance societies to the number of 6 or 8, marched through the town—round the Capital, up to the White House & etc. They had fine music, and some of the most splendid silk, satin and gilt painted banners I ever saw. Typ. and Tyler time not excepted.

About noon 14 of our number walked up to the White House. From the hall or large square room, we were greeted by the sound of martial music, perfectly suited to the splendors of the occasion, for it was grand and soul stirring. Passing through the immense crowd which thronged the door, we moved on slowly to the receiving room, in the center stood our honored President Tyler (by the side of an 8 sided table of one leg of solid snow white marble), cordially greeting every one, in turn gave me a shake of the hand, I thought he looked weary, he must be so I think shaking the hands with thousand just as fast as he can change hands. What looks more democratic and like a servant of the people, than the privilege of the lowest citizen once in the year, to be greeted thus cordially by the highest man in the world?

To the left I passed into the East room about which so much has been said as to be needless to describe it. I will say however that it is none too splendid for the chief magistrate of so great a people.

In it were several candidates for the next presidency, ministers of foreign courts, officers of the army and navy in all their regimentals, badges of honor, together with beauty decorated with all that wealth, taste and passion could invent. In one end stood Henry Clay bowing gracefully to his friends, at the other end stood Commodore Stewart and several of his officers in their regimentals. In the center stood the tremendous Daniel—and not far from him stood the galent General Scott, he is 6 inches taller than the tallest and well proportioned. He soon put on his military cap and walked out with Com. Stewart—being



## A Happy New Year!"

interrupted by a boy who wished to speak to him, he manifested the greatest kindness, grace and dignity. I think I never saw a more splendid appearance or graceful commanding figure.

Many of the members of both houses of Congress were there and much wealth and passion. The day was fine and as beautiful sunshiny day in June in New England. It is said by one of the old inhabitants that there has never been more present and greater display at the White House than at this time.

After passing round the room I returned to take another view of the royal family, which my haste before had deprived me of inspecting. His wife and three daughters sat back, one however was standing, a lovely girl of 18—a model of beauty—dressed in blue entire, gloves and all.

She talked to many and so loud as to be heard nearly across the room. Her mother, an old matron looks as if she might once have been beautiful. But her father John Tyler has a magnificent nose, his son looks as green as some say he is, but I think they get the notion from his long neck and pale face, sharp features and slim figure. He evidently bows gracefully and to every one as so much as looks at him, and if you continue to look he approaches and shakes your hand. Besides the living ornaments that graced this appartment, was a magnificent Chandelier hanging from the center, said once to have been Napoleans. Eagles holding in their talons spears, over the 3 windows, a beautiful clock over the mantle, everything was gilt, except doors, chairs, settees and ceiling and windows. The chairs and settees were covered with blue satin, elegant. Passing right into the next room what most attracted my attention was a whole length picture of Washington, saved from the flames by the presence of mind of Mrs. Madison in 1814-15 who got up and cut it out of the frame with her own hands—she is still the most splendid woman in Washington. Among the most gaudily draped and lovely women present was the Russian Minister, Bandiliski and his young American bride. He was completely covered except his back above the skirts and his pants—with silver pearls and ornaments, on his breast was the star of the legion of Honor. It is said that beauty shines alone in splendid garb—but I am sure that some wore faces that would charm a stoic's eye. Others there I should judge had sought to astonish the world with their richness and finery. After I had got through looking I came away just as well pleased with myself and situation as before I went. I care not a penny for any or all of it. Do write, direct it to Hall with and envelope, his name on the envelop.

Stephen Whipple, from Charles Whipple.

To Make an Excellent Beer for weekly people (35)  
Take White Elder Roots & Sassafrass Roots Burdock Roots  
Spruce Boughs for forfay tops, Jackiflorn tops and Root Blew  
Huckleberry Boughs of each a hand full Set into three  
Pails of water then Put in one Pail of Barlymalt Boil  
Down to one Pail full then Put in one gill of molasses & Boil  
Quart of Beer

An Excellent purg - to be made of white pine  
Hops White Pond Billy Roots and flowers Burdock Root famel  
Roots forfay twigs this to be drunk  
after you have done drinking the above Beer

An Excellent Bitter for Windings at the stomach  
Put in warm Mayweeds Augustwort and Caster

THE "RECEIT" FOR "AN EXCELLENT BEER FOR WEEKLY PEOPLE"

## A Home Doctor of the Revolution

VIVIAN LYON MOORE

DURING the troublous days of the Civil War period when the services of physicians were devoted to meeting the needs of the boys at the front, and during the equally troublous reconstruction period following the war when straitened circumstances forced the majority of people upon their own medical resources, there appeared from the press a number of works known as "Home Doctors," which attained a wide distribution. Hardly a bookshelf throughout the land was lacking one of the fat, black volumes, full of more or less scientific advice and directions for self-diagnosis, and ranking scarcely lower than the Bible itself in the eyes of the housewives of those times. How many families were carried triumphantly through all the lesser ills, that afflict mankind, by these comforting, if not comfortable specifics! How many of those, who were children then, have memories of obnoxious doses firmly administered in the all-conquering name of Dr. Chase!

Three-quarters of a century earlier, in the corresponding war period, when the infant nation was doffing its swaddling clothes and learning to walk alone, away from the restraining hand of Mother England, a somewhat similar condition prevailed. In that era, however, it was not merely lack of means or the demands of the army that threw the mission of healing back upon the home. It was the almost total lack of doctors themselves. Trained physicians were few in the colonies, of medical books there were practically none, and the pioneers had had, of necessity, to rely upon the traditional remedies passed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, concocted from homely materials, and dispensed by the kindly, though unskilled hand of relative or friend.

And such remedies as some of them were! Today, the victim of a mad dog has no fears, for the wonderful, well-nigh infallible Pasteur treatment available all over the country has eliminated the horrors

of rabies. But one hundred and forty years ago in New England, what was the procedure? Listen!

"For the Bite of A mad dog. Take the loer Jaw of a dog, Burn it & Powder it, then to one teaspoon full of Sulpher of Venus (Rust of Copper) one half teaspoon full. And if you Pleas A Small Quantity of Blood root and Snake root. Reduse them to a Compound and Give the Patient one half teaspoon full in water. In half an hour Give the Patient the foillings of One half Copper. Repeat the Aplication on the following day. The Above is a suficient Quantity for an Adult. Give a Child disrescionarily. Use No Sweete milk for two or three days."

Statistics are silent as to the percentage of recoveries!

Seldom were these remedies committed to writing, for they were jealously guarded as family secrets. An exception to this rule was made by one methodical Elkanah Jones, who collected such "receipts" in a tiny, yellowed note-book, still extant. It makes fascinating reading and, at times, is infinitely amusing. Elkanah was a marked exemplification of versatility. A cabinet-maker by trade, he served his neighbors and his country from his youth on in so many capacities that

" . . . still the wonder grew

How one small head could harbor all he knew."

As mariner, soldier, veterinary, harness-maker, undertaker, locksmith, farmer, dentist, carpenter, stone-mason, tailor, and storekeeper, and lastly as a popular "home doctor" for the afflicted, he was kept literally on the jump, as his diaries reveal. This colonial rival of Dr. Chase established so great confidence in his medical talents that, some years later, his brother, who had followed the westward migration into Ohio, wrote him a letter, begging him to come and cure a "lameness in the Ankel or Rather A weakness in the heal or Betwixt the heal cord and heal Joint."

Had this lameness or weakness proved to be rheumatism, doubtless Elkanah could have effected a cure, for he lists no less than three "Certain Remedies for the Rheumatism" in his little book. The most potent was made thus:

"Take nine Angle worms. Dissolv them in a Phial of Good Wine, then eleven, then thirteen. Let the Patient take the Nine the first day, eleven the next, And the third, the thirteen."

One is inclined to question whether the remedy was not worse than the disease!

To prepare another remedy that at least might be pleasanter, he took "one Gill of Beefs Gall, half a point of spirrits of tirpin-tine, A point of Neat foot oil, a Point of Rum, simmer them together and Bath the Parts affected, then take one spoon full of Prickkle ash Bark & one spoon full of the Berrys, one spoon full of mustard seede, A Bit of hors redish Root. Put them into a quart of rum and take A half Gill every morning while Bathing with the above composition."

It is impossible not to note the various kinds of liquors which are the inevitable and predominating ingredients in nearly all of the "receipts."

Superstition had not yet vanished from the colonies. Though witches were no longer burned at the stake or pressed to death, men still planted their crops by the moon, feared a personal devil, and avoided graveyards after nightfall. Since they also trusted somewhat in incantations and other hocus-pocus for the treatment of disease, it is not surprising to find in the notes even of Elkanah Jones directions for the manufacture of a magical ring, home-and-hand-made of mercury exposed to the dew one night, and highly recommended as a panacea for cold in the head, diseases of women, and worms in small children. Even broader in scope and suggestive of present day nostrums warranted to cure all ills, was a "Receipt for Hooping Cough, for the asma, for the tizzik, And for the weekly, lame, and lazy." An "Excellent Beer for wekely People" was brewed from several roots, barley malt, and molasses; but it had to be followed by "An Excellent Surrip" of other roots, "this to Be Drank After you have done Drinking the above Beer." A beer, which required so elaborate a "chaser," must indeed have been an elixir for "wekely people."

Elkanah likewise ventured dauntlessly into the oculist's field and devoted some space to inflamed eyes, for which he offered



From a silhouette taken in 1847

ELKANAH JONES, A "HOME DOCTOR OF THE REVOLUTION"

two efficacious washes. Strangely enough, they embody well established principles and are nearly identical with modern prescriptions. The first one is credited to Jesse Goodrich, and reads as follows:

"Take as much white Vitrol as will Ly on A Small Jackot Button, ten drops of Campfire & ten drops of Sweete Oil Added to half a Gill of fair water." The second one is a solution of "Corosive Subliment," which, to a layman, sounds a trifle severe for eyes but which, I am assured on good authority, is a recognized treatment under certain conditions.

Another rather startling remedy was one made of ground glass for "Epaleptick Or fallen Sickness" and the recipe ended with the admonition to "be careful not to worry & live on light food." If one had just swallowed ground glass tea, the first part of the admonition would seem a bit difficult to carry out!

The dreaded "White Plague" was a prevalent menace in those days and, though for the most part it was philosophically accepted as a God-sent visitation, apparently there were some rebellious souls who dared

to try to change their fate. Outdoor sanatoriums were still in the future but, for the sake of those presumptuous spirits, we are glad to discover a "Cure for the Consumption" which was concocted by taking "two Gallons of Spring Water, put in two hand fulls of Pitch Pine Morse, Boil it four hours then scred in English turnips, then Put in half a Point of Honey. Boil it and scum it well, then Cool it and add Good West India Rum, enough to make it Pallateable & Bottle it. Take a Spunfull Morning and Evening And Increase the Dose to two spoonfulls."

Who was to be the judge of the quantity of rum necessary to "make it Pallateable" was not stated.

Various salves and ointments for various ills and itches were prescribed. One required a rather complicated process, seven times repeated, but when applied "to your flesh that is Exposed to the frost" it would prevent freezing or "take out the frost where it is frose." Another must needs be burned with a hot iron "if you want it of a drying nature." Still another, made of many hot spices, "Goodsharp Vinnegar," and fat, was utilized in "ointing your Joints, &c."

In spite of the heavy demands made on Elkanah's time by his numerous vocations and avocations, he managed to snatch some spare moments for recreation. Even when on guard duty in wartime, he found life pleasant, what with games of ball and of cards, and "A-sailing with the ladies," who seem to have been attracted to the army, even as modern maidens. His favorite sport appears to have been fishing and many are his accounts of "ealing" parties with attendant festivities. However, he must have concluded that to wait, pole in hand, for the elusive bite, was too slow and uncertain a method, for he proposed a less tiresome way to his fellow disciples of Izaak Walton. Sandwiched in between "A Centing to Draw foxes or Woolvs" and the "Cure for the Consumption" we find "A way to take fish," as follows:

"Take Cockalus Indicus And Pulverize it & mix it up With wheat flower into a Dough & fling it into the water & soon after they the fish have Eat of it they will Come up & ly still that you may take them in your hand."

I submit that this simple paragraph should supplant "The Compleat Angler," being brief, concise, and to the point, and obviating the necessity for expensive impedimenta hereto considered indispensable for proper fishing.

Ambrose Grow of "Salsberry" was generously acknowledged as the originator of the climax of the little book, of what should have been the crowning achievement of medical history; but it was through Elkanah that it was given to the world with all the naive assurance of the unversed. "How to Cuer a Cancer" would be amusing, were it not pathetic to see so futile a remedy facing the years of research and vain effort directed against the most hideous enemy of the human race. Nevertheless, it can do no harm to smile over the quaint formula, seriously propounded in that far-away time. The patient was given "on A fasting stomach" a medicine compounded of gallon of strong liquor brewed from a large pitch pine root and added to a quart of the best French brandy; but he was warned that he must "Begin Moderate. Prehaps he can-not Bare more than half a spoonful att first, then take more as he Can Bare it till he has Practised taken this for A weeke att least." After the cancer itself had been anointed with sap "fried out of the End" of a green stick of white ash, and had been washed with wintergreen tea, the patient continued taking the potion described above, with the guarantee that by the time the full gallon had been drunk, the cure would "Be Per-formd."

Elkanah did not confine his ministrations to his relatives and neighbors. In the days when horses were wealth, as well as means of transportation, the young man's friends

came in for their share of his treatments. Saddle bruises, spavins, callouses, scratches, lamenesses, founderinges were given his attention, and he was even summoned by an apparently helpless or too tender-hearted fellow townsman to shoot the pet animal which had broken a leg. Typical of his veterinary practices was the operation in case of a shoulder sprain.

"Bleede in the Vein that leads under the shoulder then Practice A-moving the horse till his Blood is Quite warm, then fling on and wash in cold water the shoulder till he is cool to prevent Blood setting."

Blood-letting, presupposing at least an elementary knowledge of anatomy, was universally and impartially practised on man and beast in all emergencies, and Elkanah was far from departing from the ways of his fathers in that respect.

Many more "receipts" of divers sorts are to be found in the little book, each one designed to relieve some emergency likely to arise in a pioneer environment. We may chuckle smugly over the ideas promulgated, but we of today are not so far removed from the methods of our forefathers. The important advances in medicine, which we now take for granted so calmly, have been made within little more than fifty years. The achievements of men like Pasteur and Lister, names to conjure with, fall within the professional memories of many practising physicians, while the tremendous discoveries of Dr. William Beaumont date not much farther back. Our complacency may well change to admiration for the resourcefulness of the early "home doctors," to whom we are indebted for many of the fundamentals of *materia medica*.



## Breathe Gently

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNTER

Breathe gently, Winter Wind, across the snow;  
Nor push aside the soft white coverlet  
That spreads o'er all the earth. Do not forget  
The ferns and violets that hide below.  
It is too soon to break their slumber yet;  
Let them sleep on until March trumpets blow.



## Distinguished Daguerreotypes

### XI

THIS interesting daguerreotype presents Captain William Emmett Kyle, Sr., resident of Christiansburg, Montgomery County, Virginia, with three of his ten children by his marriage to Sally Meade Shanklin, daughter of Captain Samuel Shanklin of Virginia. Reading from left to right are: Anne Montgomery, Laura Green, and Katherine Scott. All the daughters bore family names, and Katherine Scott was married first to Z. N. Lockhart—of an old Virginia family—and second to Emsley M. Griffin of Monroe, North Carolina.

CAPTAIN KYLE was the son of William Kyle, who came to Virginia from Tyrone County, Ireland, before 1800. The family was prominent in the early days of Montgomery County.

The daguerreotype was inherited by Mrs. Homer Fergus Sloan, from her mother, Katherine Scott Kyle-Lockhart Griffin.

MRS. ANN LYON POUND CHANCELLOR of "Chancellorsville," Spotsylvania County, Virginia. Mrs. Chancellor was born in Falmouth, Virginia, in 1783, the daughter of James Lyon, a Revolutionary soldier. Her mother died when she was quite young and she went to Culpeper County to live with her paternal grandparents. She married, in 1801, Captain Richard Pound, who died in 1812. In 1815, she married George Chancellor of Orange County. The daguerreotype is now treasured by Mrs. George P. King.



MISS FLORENCE NELSON of Little Falls, New York, photographed in 1850. This daguerreotype is quite unusual in that colors have been used for the bouquet and for the little girl's dress and shoes. It is now in the possession of Mrs. J. N. Purcell of the Williamsburg Chapter, Virginia.



# Cats in American History

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ



sheep, and oxen had much to do in the American Revolution, but cats— That evening I brought from my files one of the folders in which for several years I have accumulated clippings and memoranda concerning animals in our history.

My neighbor's amber-eyed puss had chosen to make an evening call, and as I turned over my papers I could hear her purring loudly on the rug at my feet.

The flames in the fireplace crackled and spit, and lured by the brief mention I found in my folders, the cats in our history came back to my memory.

The first cat, chronologically speaking, was on a seventeenth century ship, trying to weather a bad storm off Cape Cod.<sup>1</sup> Her actions were so unusual that she was watched fearfully, since cats at sea have, through centuries, been considered barometers of the weather. If the ship's cat lies in the sun, all is well; but if pussy seeks a sheltered place, or if she is nervous, good sailors look for storm. But the first cat in American history rushed from side to side of the boat, calling loudly, and looking over the sides as though she saw sights no one else could glimpse, though probably all she was looking for was dry land!

America was fairly well settled before there was any further appearance, in source

\* Several of the cats contained in this volume are reproduced through the pages of this article.

<sup>1</sup> Purchas' *Pilgrims*.

material at least, of the cat. And then "Meow! Meow! MEOW! MRRRRROW!" shrieked a dozen historical cats, all about the same time. "You think you see a cat in this field over here, don't you? There, hear the thunder! Now the creature is gone. Oh, no it wasn't a cat you saw, at all, at all! It was a witch of course. Witches are always turning themselves into cats, you know. Look, quick, at the river—see that creature swimming? It has the head of a cat and the tail of a fish. No, not a mercat, a witch! And that big yellow cat lives at Strawberry Bank, New Hampshire. But it's never a cat either. It's Goodwife Jane Walford! Why everybody knows she can change herself into a yellow cat and disappear, all in the wink of an eyelash."<sup>2</sup>

"Mew," came a faint voice, "Mew." It sounded very plaintive, a mere ghost of a mew. As indeed it had a right to be. For the cat was one of several which lived in Florida long ago, Spanish cats dwelling with Spanish masters and mistresses. And in the time of famine even the family pets were eaten by the starving inhabitants. That was in 1712 when supplies from Havana failed to arrive.<sup>3</sup>

Such a soft little purring as I heard then—a purring with a French accent. It came from a pretty little cat and she carried herself daintily, and demurely. For she was a cat with a vocation. Of her own choice she had joined a French religious order and had become an Ursuline cat. And having joined herself to the good sisters of that community, very bravely she had departed with them from France, when they sailed on the *Geronde* for New Orleans. "For," purred the little-sister-of-the-Ursuline's cat, "I felt certain there would be just as good mice in the new world as there were in France. And there were," she added, licking her lips reflectively, "and crickets and fireflies for me to chase in the dusk."<sup>4</sup>

With a bound the Deacon's cat came into the limelight, thrusting the little French

<sup>2</sup> Mention of these cats is found in various Witchcraft Narratives.

<sup>3</sup> History of Florida.

<sup>4</sup> The Diary of Sister Madeline, published in 1728, tells of this cat.

cat to one side. And doubtless the French cat was quite willing to move. For the Deacon's cat was a rogue of a cat, a cat born, it seemed, to do evil. In the old days the Deacon's cat lived in Massachusetts. If you looked closely you saw the remains of the hangman's noose about its throat. She yowled the whole story about herself, as loudly and as quickly as possible, as though she wanted to confess and be done with it. "A Deacon in the Massachusetts Government hung his cat on the Moonday morning for that it was proved against her she had Caught a mouse on the Lord's Day While he was at meeting!"<sup>5</sup>

"But I didn't live in vain," she ended, "For a century after my story was remembered and a preacher declared the deacon was quite mistaken in judging me so harshly."<sup>6</sup> At least people remember about me. No one can say I am not in American history." She leaped toward a mouse disappearing in a hole in the corner, but paused suddenly. "What is the day?" she asked. "Saturday, oh, that's all right!"

"I am the first cat in American history with a name," purred Peter, strutting up and down curving his lovely tail. "Perhaps I was a Swedish cat. I am not certain. But I lived in Delaware. Mary and Christina loved me. When Mary went away to school, Christina wrote her and told her how big I was growing."<sup>7</sup>

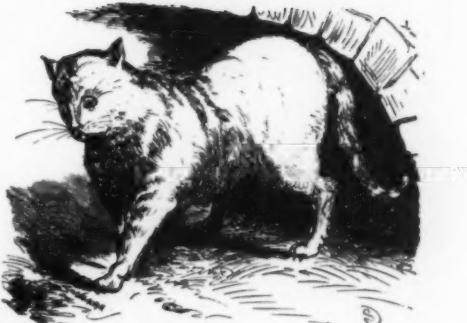
The Scotch cat was very trim and dainty. She could well be, for she spent much time at her bath. She had a nurse to assist her in bringing up her children. The Scotch Cat lived in a cabin on the frontier of Northern New York. "It was about the middle of the 18th century," she explained. "And what do you think? Whenever I went out and left my kittens, that strange American pet of my master's, that creature they called a beaver, would go over by the fireplace and pick up one of my kittens in its fore-



<sup>5</sup> The story is in a manuscript diary at the Congressional Library.

<sup>6</sup> The Deacon's cat is referred to a hundred years later in a sermon by Lorenzo Dow.

<sup>7</sup> A letter written by a colonial child.



paws and cuddle it. The kitten liked it. It purred as loud as it could. But I was horrified. As soon as I came in I would rush at the beaver and make it put the kitten down at once. Sometimes it protested, but it never did any hurt or attempted to bite. So after a time I became accustomed to it. And in the end I found that having a dependable nurse did leave me free to attend to other things. Life on the frontier does sometimes have compensations."<sup>8</sup>

"It has responsibilities, too," announced the long, lean cat, who looked as though she had gone through a great deal. "Cats in history! Well, I must say I have played an important part. It is quite time somebody mentioned it. No other cat in American history, I am sure, ever played such a part. And for that matter no cat in the history of all the world. It happened during the French and Indian Wars," she said, settling herself comfortably as she purred on. "Forts were built on the Connecticut River north of Massachusetts, and the one farthest north was known as Number Four. The houses of some settlers at that place were built inside the fort. And what a time as we had one summer in the 1740's. Half a dozen times the Indians came down from Canada and killed or carried some of the settlers off with them. I never heard such noise and confusion. Many a time I hid for hours in the reeds.

"It was too strenuous for the settlers, and besides, all the cattle and horses were killed. So at the end of that summer they departed, going south, back to the colonies

<sup>8</sup> Kalm, Peter: "Travels into North America."

in Massachusetts. After a few weeks the soldiers packed up and made ready to go, too. And they did. But I did not leave. No indeed. I hid again in the reeds by the river and after the soldiers marched out I climbed the wall in a place I knew, and made my way back to one of the barns inside the palisade. And there I found an old spaniel. He had been left behind, or had sneaked off and hidden. Well the two of us kept guard of that fort all winter long, and not an Indian dared come near. Of course the snows were pretty deep that winter too, and this may have helped keep them away. If you don't believe what I have purred, read the report Captain Stevens made when he came back in the spring. You can't imagine how surprised he was. 'Sole guardians of the fort,' he called us. But the

spaniel was an old dog, and so I did most of the guarding. What more can you ask of a historical cat?"<sup>9</sup>

"Well, we didn't guard the forts, but we kept them free from rats and mice," came the cat chorus then, and mouse-catcher after

mouse-catcher passed by as in review. One cat stopped to boast that it had been told of her that she was more valuable than a fine horse.<sup>10</sup> And one said that not a night

passed but she caught from four to ten mice.<sup>11</sup> One admitted that she couldn't keep the rodents down and that Prince Maximilian, a German traveler who stopped at her fort on the western frontier, set loose his tame fox, who helped her greatly.<sup>12</sup>

A skunk and a young raccoon admitted that while they were not exactly cats, they had done a cat's service by catching mice in a fashion "similar to a cat."<sup>13</sup>

One cat boasted that it had been said the cats "helped to win the West." "For that matter," declared all the other cats, "WE helped win all America."

I saw Robert Lee's cat for a moment, but she was not at all

comfortable. She was always on the lookout for her master's dog Spec. "He is very jealous of me," she admitted.

Theodore Roosevelt's cat was there, and

<sup>10</sup> Thwaites Western Travels.

<sup>11</sup> Various early records.

<sup>12</sup> Thwaites Western Travels.

<sup>13</sup> Various early records.



FROM WARNE'S HOLIDAY ALBUM

*"If ever there was a darling kitten, it is Minette. She is old pussy's 'last child,' as Millicent says, so she is to be petted above all the kittens that came before her. Ethel shares her sister's care of the kitten. Poor old pussy looks on while they give kitty warm milk, looking very much as if she was set on one side, and deprived of her right to feed and provide for her silky-skinned daughter. Teddy also looks on, and though he says it is silly and 'girlish' to feed the kitten, I think he likes playing with it and seeing it lap up milk, as well as his sisters do."*

<sup>9</sup> Early history of Charlestown—formerly known as Number Four—New Hampshire.

Calvin Coolidge's yellow tabby. "I always used to listen for the bell to ring from the President's office," she said. "That meant Mr. Coolidge was coming into the White House. Then I would wait for him outside the door and he would pick me up and drape me like a fur about his neck. I was most becoming." She purred with satisfaction at the memory.

A kitten stole into view. "Colonel Lindbergh wouldn't take me with him when he flew across the ocean," she admitted. "He said I was too valuable to have my life risked in that fashion. Still I always thought it would be nice to have wings."

Back and forth they marched, Cats in American History, cats with ancestors in

England, Scotland, France, Spain, Holland and Germany; cats which had come to America from the Orient, sailing in the New England clippers all around Cape Horn straight to a New England farmhouse with a swinging cathole in the door and a rug by the kitchen range. "Why," purred the cats loudly, "why for all you know your neighbor's cat may be a direct descendant of Dick Whittington's cat himself!"

The book fell from my hands to the floor with a bang. The fire was out. But the purring continued. My neighbor's cat was in a chair across the table looking straight at me. It seemed as though her look said, "I hope you're satisfied. Cats in American History, why of course. Purr! Purr!"

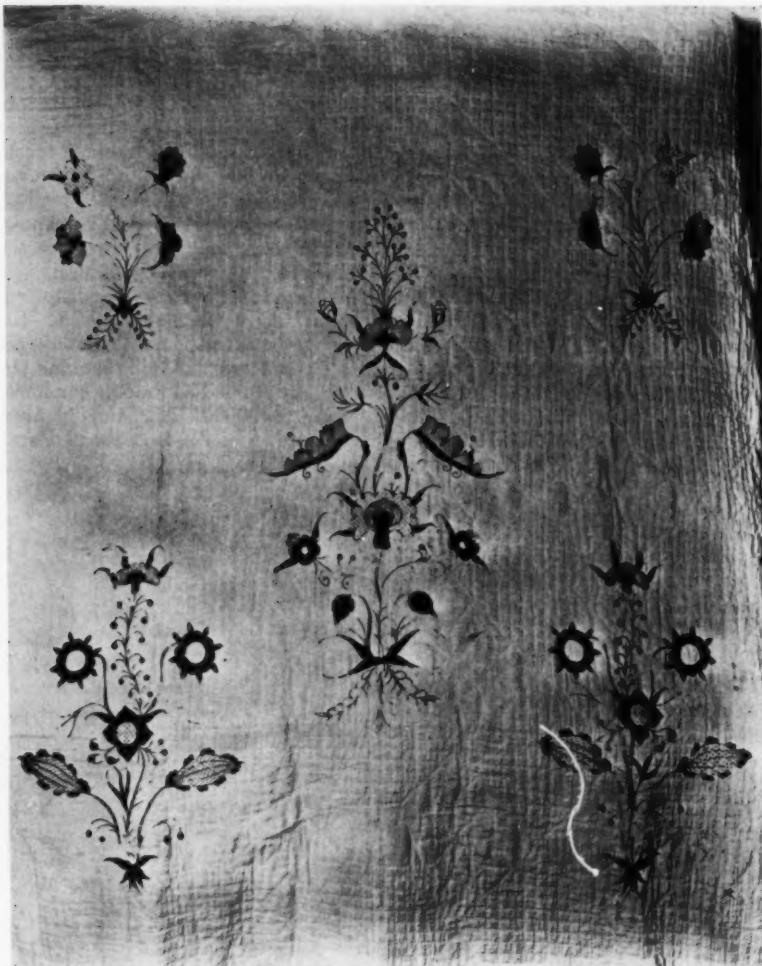


## To a Weeping Japanese Cherry Tree

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNTER

Lovely Weeping Cherry Tree,  
I had never thought to see  
So marvelous, so wonderful a sight as you in Spring,  
When every pendent bough—  
So brown and lifeless now—  
Is sheathed in scented cascades of rosy garlanding.

Now behold a miracle,  
Wrought of Winter's magic spell,  
Where twisted trunks and branches bare were but yesterday,  
Against the leaden skies  
White blossoms meet my eyes,  
And snow-wreathed, you again have all the loveliness of May.



*Courtesy, The Museum, Memorial Continental Hall*

CREWEL EMBROIDERY. PART OF A BEDSPREAD WHICH WAS IN THE TROUSSEAU OF TRYPHENA MONTAGUE, WHO MARRIED CALEB HUBBARD, A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER OF SUNDERLAND, MASS., IN 1778. GIFT OF MRS. HENRY STOCKBRIDGE, JR., OF THOMAS JOHNSON CHAPTER, MARYLAND

## The Spirit of the Hand-Made

### XVIII. Netting and Needlework in the Early Days

EDNA M. COLMAN AND HELEN S. JOHNSON

NETTING represents the oldest form of handiwork known. It is of such antiquity that the origin of this type of lace

work is lost in the mists of history. Netting was in use in earliest Bible times, even before the Deluge. Employed by all races



*Courtesy, The Museum, Memorial Continental Hall*

**BEDSPREAD OF HANDWOVEN LINEN WITH CANDLEWICK DECORATION. FROM THE TROUSSEAU OF ABIGAIL MONTAGUE WHO MARRIED JASON STOCKBRIDGE OF HADLEY, MASS., IN 1815. GIVEN IN MEMORY OF MRS. FANNY E. MONTAGUE STOCKBRIDGE BY HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, MRS. HENRY STOCKBRIDGE, JR., OF THOMAS JOHNSON CHAPTER, MARYLAND**

and people, men and women were netting prior to the twelfth dynasty, 2130 B.C. This lace was made long before the Babylonian, Assyrian and Chaldean civilizations reached their zenith and before the rise of Rome and Greece.

Like most of our common tools, implements, weapons and utensils, netting was

originally devised to meet an urgent need. When primitive man met difficulties in obtaining his food, he provided himself with a crude net which he formed of narrow strips or shreds of animal hide or twisted plant fibres, by interlacing the strips and tying them in knots that would not slip or come untied. By this means he formed a

strong snare or net which enabled him to catch fish in deep water and also small game in field and forest.

Just when netting began its evolution from the rude coarse game and fish nets to the lovely dainty cobwebby lace which our foremothers made so expertly is also lost in the unwritten records of man's earliest progress. In the ancient tombs of Egypt, which have yielded such rich archeological treasures in recent years, have been found handsome netted draperies and tunics among the state robes of long-dead Egyptian kings. These are highly ornate, made of bright silks, some with metal threads and others with the interlacings or knotting marked with jewels. Hair nets are also proven to be of the greatest antiquity, as they have been found still confining the heavy hair of mummies. These, too, were hand-fashioned through the centuries.

In the sculptured records of Assyrian and Egyptian life, the deep fringes finishing the robes of the Pharaohs and also the elaborate trappings of their horses show headings of knotted threads from which the threads fall into tassels or in loose ends, very much akin to the netted fringes found upon the hand-embroidered counterpanes of Colonial homes, and which may still be seen in many of the famous national historic shrines.

When flax was discovered and the diversity of its uses became known, Pliny wrote the following comment: . . . "the flax of Cumae in Campania is also highly prized, more especially for catching fishes and birds and for hunting nets. For we use flax no less to form snares for the destruc-

tion of all other animals than for the destruction of ourselves. The hunting nets of Cumae are strong enough to take boars; the purse nets of the same material even turn the edge of iron and we have seen them so fine as to pass through a man's ring with their running cords, one man carrying a sufficient number of them to surround a wood."

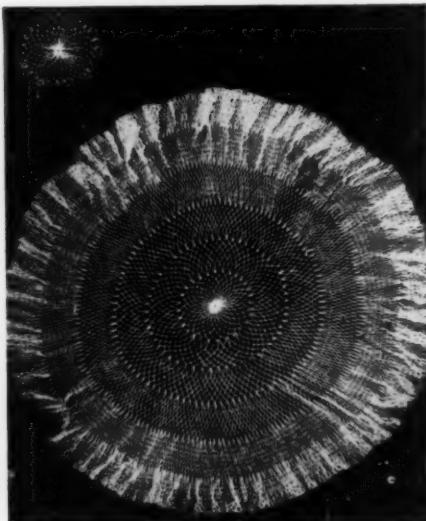
The gradual development of the fish net into an ornamental product as well as making use of it in its original utilitarian province is not limited to any one race, for this quaint handiwork has found expression in some form among all of the peoples of the earth. It has been accredited to the mythological fish god found in Chaldean philosophy, for its origin, and also to the Egyptian Goddess Net of Neith for its conception.

In medieval and Elizabethan periods netting was extensively used. It was then made of rich materials and in elaborate patterns. With the migration to America of our first settlers and the

establishment of Colonies of England, France, Spain, Holland and Sweden, came also with the women the handicrafts and arts of their native lands.

The first women of Jamestown like those of St. Augustine, Plymouth, and New Amsterdam, brought with them their knowledge of needlework and netting. No doubt the ever ready home whittler supplied the meshes or gauges of wood and the blacksmith's shop the forked needles.

Netting is still known and used all over Europe, also in parts of the Orient, in South America and in Africa. Its popularity in the United States has waned since



CENTERPIECE AND TUMBLER DOILY OF OLD FASHIONED NETTING MADE BY MRS. COLMAN. IT WAS FASHIONED FROM NO. 50 LINEN THREAD, AND ONE SPOOL IS REQUIRED FOR THE TWENTY-INCH CENTERPIECE

the Civil War. It was much in vogue in the Buchanan Administration when the lovely Harriet Lane set the fashion of waterfall hair dressing, which made stout but light weight hand-made hair nets a necessity. When that fashion went the way of all styles the demand for the hair nets abated. Radically changed living conditions following the abolition of slavery, leading to the general use of smaller houses and still smaller apartments, which preclude any space for tester beds decked in the voluminous snowy lacy draperies, with little trundle beds beneath them, and a short flight of three or four steps to enable one to climb into its piled high feather bed depths. These symbols of antiquity and aristocracy of living belong to real homes of spaciousness of room size and ceiling heights.

Aside from bed ornamentation there are numerous uses for the age-old netting. It is attractive for collars, centerpieces, door panels, bandings, edgings, fringes in many patterns, and entire tablecloths as well as other articles in both round and square forms.

Netting is so simply done and so inexpensive as to materials as to be within the reach of all who really wish to pay a tribute to our foremothers by reviving their almost forgotten lace making. Martha Washington was the most famous exponent of it that we have ever had in this country and was devoted to the art.\* As it is made with bobbins, and not needles, it cannot, strictly speaking, be defined as "needlework"; but it is an art so closely allied to it that the two may be fittingly described and considered together.

We who live in a day of ready-made clothes and sewing machines have no concept of the prominence of hand sewing in early days.

In our time psychologists and adult educators talk of the importance of hobbies and self expression, of one kind or another, to balance our lives and keep us sane. Modern women concern themselves with a variety of activities, different from everyday household routine.

\* See article, "The Needlework of Martha Washington," by Edna M. Colman, published in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, February 1938.

But in the days of our ancestors, before machines had changed the world, except for Sunday church and Wednesday night hymn singing, all of a woman's life was centered in her home. All the family participated in the household work, no matter how young or old. And real work it was, this candle-making, soap-making, pewter scouring, carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, cooking, pickling—not to mention making all the clothing for the family and servants. Large families were an economic necessity then. A woman's outlet, her self expression in those times, was necessarily the work of her fingers and needle. She derived the utmost pleasure from the embellishments she stitched for her otherwise unadorned home.

From her foremothers in England she had inherited a tradition. The work which was produced in this country in the first century and a half was not unlike that in the mother country. Upon homespun linen or canvas with fine colored wools known as crewels, our ancestresses, with infinite care, embroidered the hangings of the great posted bedstead, the most prominent piece of furniture in the house. They wrought with loosely twisted yarns in green, yellow, red, and sometimes blue, the color derived from their own indigo dye pots, sitting continuously on the hearth. They loved this indigo blue and colored many things with it—not only the wool for weaving coverlets and for knitting mittens and stockings, but the linen for bed ticking, table cloths, and garments for the whole household. If the family were one which had indulged in the acquisition of some of "that new Chiney ware", the Canton dishes, which through the developing trade with the Orient, began making its way into the Western world, they had some new lovely shades of blue in their home to reflect the colors of the women's needlework.

The designs of this crewel embroidery, whether blue or varicolored, likewise had Oriental inspiration. It was from the exquisite painted cottons of India that they were derived. On the remarkable Indian bed draperies called palampores and other hangings which filled the fashionable European world with something utterly new, we find the tree of life to be the dominant

motif. The radiating quality of growth of the strange, unrealistic blossoms was taken over by the needlewomen on both sides of the Atlantic. These dames fashioned with their wools the same types of decorative foliage which they saw painted and printed, and made a very lovely thing of it. Sometimes the crewel embroideries appeared on gowns as well as household hangings. In America the crewel embroideries took on new characteristics which distinguished them from the English work.

The influence of the trade with the East is reflected too in another early kind of needle-work known as Turkey work, which was used for upholstering the backs and seats of sturdy, knob-turned chairs, for cushions and for table covers. This tapestry resembled bright Turkey carpets which were making their way into western markets in the seventeenth century, hence the name. Through an open canvas web the colonial women drew in and out the gay worsteds. The process is not unlike that of hooked rug making. The end of each loop was cut, leaving a pile. But, unfortunately, few examples of this very early work have come down to us.

In the 18th century, when the Colonists had achieved comparative ease, many surrounded themselves with the trappings of great luxury, mostly brought from the mother country. Lists have been preserved which had been given to sea captains for the purchase abroad of silks, fine cottons, linens, shoes and laces. But we know that some of the personal effects of eighteenth century ladies and gentlemen were made in America. That century was one when the vogue for lace ruffles at wrist and elbow, or cascading down one's front or worn on fichu or apron or sheer cap, was almost universal among the prosperous. Though most of the laces used were of Flemish make, we know that in the colonies women made lace known as Tambour work. This was usually fashioned on a net fabric. The threads were pulled in and out with a hooked object not unlike the crochet hook of today. The resulting Tambour work was attractive and dainty. It received its name from being stretched between two hoops which held the work tight, like a drum head. We know that some bobbin lace was made in this

country but it seems never to have been so fine as that which was imported.

When America was young both mothers and daughters thinking of an approaching wedding date, busied themselves accumulating piles of fine snowy household linens, all of home manufacture, without which no bride felt prepared for marriage, though she be but 15 or 16. At least one of the prized objects in the pile would be a candlewick bedcover.

The so-called candlewick bedspreads of today had their prototype in those earlier days in America. Today chenille and candlewicking are manufactured especially for bed covers. Once the cotton cord was made ostensibly for another purpose, indicated by its name.

On a fairly coarse fabric the wicking was pulled through with a hooked needle also somewhat as hooked rugs were made, and looped over a small rod. When the rod was removed the wicking stood uniformly high and could be cut. In those days both the background linen and the wicking were white, and the young matron, finally launching her own establishment, took the greatest pride in keeping the bedding white. Of all the needlecrafts of early days, the one which is most indulged in today is knitting. Now it assumes the role of a pastime, since all of the objects we women fashion can be bought readily in stores.

Last of all we come to a form of needle-work which most people probably think of first when American needlework is mentioned, that of samplers.\* This also had its derivation in England, just when is not known. They were the *samples* or *examples* of varying border designs in colored cross-stitch or white cut work and drawn work, to be preserved for reference. The white lace work thus recorded often appeared on the borders of the wide ruffs of the Stuart kings and queens. The painter Van Dyke has immortalized some of these royal people in their fine clothes. The early designs were highly decorative and excellently suited to the squared restrictions of a woven fabric. The motifs were drawn mostly from the vegetable kingdom, and

\* See article, "Samplers and Their Stitchery," by H. M. Hobson, published in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, November 1938.



*Courtesy, The Museum, Memorial Continental Hall*

KNITTED COUNTERPANE. GIFT OF EUPHEMIA C. DOW OF THE LUCY JACKSON CHAPTER, MASSACHUSETTS.  
KNITTED STOCKINGS. GIFT OF MRS. ALBERT LEE RHEINSTROM THROUGH THE POTOMAC CHAPTER,  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

especially from the flowers which grew in the walled English gardens. The Tudor Rose figured prominently in early samplers, also the Stuart acorn. The strawberry and carnation were favorites too. These embroideries represented the leisure of the gentlewomen of England and were sophisticated in nature. They were not children's work at that time.

The Puritans carried this art to New England with them. However, not many samplers from the seventeenth century still exist. Both matron and maid in the first century in the new, untamed land, were too busy preserving an existence to find time for other things than the mere necessities of life.

America broke away from England in the tradition of sampler-making during the eighteenth century—another kind of Declaration of Independence. Perhaps the most notable change is that in the 1800's samplers became the work of children, not gentlewomen. Every little girl made a

sampler, at home or in school. At the Dame schools where the children learned their ABC's from horn "books", they found material for stitchery. Big alphabets, little alphabets in rows of cross stitch or eyelet stitch, that is what those first truly American samplers consisted of. In time small borders appeared, then larger ones, then all manner of fanciful scenes and subjects disposed almost anywhere on the material, which also was becoming shorter, till by the end of the century many samplers were square.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are taking especial interest in this last mentioned form of needlework because their Museum is now showing a part of its sampler collection. This is the first in a series of exhibits, and it will continue until February first. In connection with the exhibition, gallery talks entitled "Stitchery by Colonial Children" are given at Memorial Continental Hall each Friday afternoon at 3:45, to which all are invited.

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# STONE CHIMNEY

MARGARET E. BRUNER



Photograph by Frank  
M. Hohenberger,  
Nashville, Indiana.



*Although the home this chimney used to  
grace,  
Has been consumed by fire,  
The stones remain as firmly in their  
place  
As if they never felt flame's fierce desire.*

*This has been wrought by long and pa-  
tient toil:—  
Rocks carried from the hills  
By sturdy folk, those who have tilled  
the soil,—  
Rough land, perhaps, that needed iron  
wills.*

*No doubt, of evenings in the long ago,  
A family sat beside  
Its hearth, in time of winter winds and  
snow,  
And felt a sense of peace and happy  
pride.*

*Though now it wears a mood of lone-  
liness,  
As if it guards the wraith  
Of something loved and lost, yet none  
the less,  
It seems to speak of strength—undying  
faith.*

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# TWO OLD HEARTHSTONES

REBECCA PARRISH

*A*

GREAT STATE HIGHWAY runs through a quiet countryside in a certain midwestern state.

How the cars speed by! None seem to have a thought for the peaceful past, only for the throbbing present. But beside a certain stretch of the road there is a quiet hill and a grove of evergreens. A tired spirit turns with longing toward the tranquil spot. Back amongst the trees we see two old chimneys and two deserted hearthstones. That is all there is to indicate that once a home stood, a home animated by affection.

If brick and stone could talk, what tales could come from these survivors of a long-forgotten home! Sweet words of love, as a newly-wed couple set up home and built fires upon these hearths which were destined to warm them through the years. The fires glowed, a quiet gleam from red coals in the early fall or in the spring, when lingering winter made the evenings chill. Warm, and sweet, and homey were those firesides then. On wintry days, when icicles hung by the wall, the young husband brought great logs to feed the eager flames and hungry chimney, making the lovely face of the bride rosy with the flaring glow, and driving out bold winter's chill.

Beside the burning log-fires, on these sacred hearthstones the bride and groom renewed their plighted troth, alone in the far countryside but rich in companionship and busy with simple duties. Love looked into eyes that never failed to respond.

If a friendly knock came, 'twas an event. A neighbor, mayhap, admitted heartily to the friendly fireside, to share in the unpretentious chat with those whose interests were akin.

Then, a new scene: a young mother bathes her tiny first-born before the comforting, glowing wood fire. The wonder of it all still mists her eyes. The young father holds out a rough finger for the aimless grasp of the baby hand. He, too, feels the mystic thrill of new parenthood. Blessed days, then, on those old hearthstones, hallowed times.

While the years go fleeting by other little children are nurtured there, and, as they grow, they play happily in the flaming glow of the lovely home fire. There are lilting voices of girls, and by and by, the deeper masculine tones of growing boys.

Holidays come and go, bringing treasured family gatherings. Years go by. The children leave the old nest for homes of their own.

Father and mother, with silvering hair, sit alone again, ever lovers. Too old to dream? Never. Deep, deep in the heart, love, implanted in youthful days, flames forever! Steps are a little slower, the days a little lonelier. Out into the westering sun they go.

The old house is left alone. It sinks into decay. Yes, a quiet hill, two broken chimneys standing mute, two old hearthstones, and a grove of evergreens—all myriads of hallowed, precious memories—rich memories of the long ago!



*From Chambers' "Book of Days"*

## "Lords of Misrule"

Twelfth Night — Holy Day and Holiday Throughout the Ages

PEARL H. STEWART

WHAT a marvelous night! Filled with enchanting gayety and mysterious portent it is at once an end and a beginning, and though as old as the Christian civilization, the celebration of Twelfth Night has today all the glamour of the brand-new.

Customs ancient beyond memory established January 6th—the twelfth day after Christmas—as the fixed time to end the Yuletide. On that night all the bright holiday trappings must be destroyed, the frivolities laid aside, and the festivities cease. Superstition has it that if a remnant of Christmas decoration remains in a church pew after that date, dire results will befall the family occupying it. But as Twelfth Night rings down the curtain on

one happy season it simultaneously ushers in a gayer one.

By devious ways, with traditions and truths, superstitions and mysticism clinging to it, this irrepressible Twelfth Night festivity comes from the past to the present. Ages ago the peoples of the Old World found so many occasions to feast and make merry that their sacred and secular ceremonies became hopelessly entangled. Again and again the church was obliged to compromise with pagan rites.

In earliest England Twelfth Night was celebrated as a Bean Feast, which was no feast of beans at all, but a feast at which a cake with a bean buried in it was the principal attraction. Visitors to London



THE KING OF THE BEAN.

*From Chambers' "Book of Days"*

at Epiphany season would find the shops full of "Twelfth Cakes," big and little, ornate and plain, each with a bean in it.

To primitive Christians Epiphany had been a twelve-day feast of the Nativity, and the 6th of January in England was often called Little Christmas. But by the middle ages Epiphany had come to commemorate more especially the Adoration of the Magi, or wise men, who were said to have been kings. So Twelfth Day was "The Day of Kings."

So, too, the Twelfth Night revelers must have a king and he was a Bean King. During the pagan Saturnalia festival of ancient Rome, the children played a game in which they drew lots with beans to see which one should be "King." Thus—centuries afterwards—he who got a bean in his slice of Twelfth Cake became king for a time.

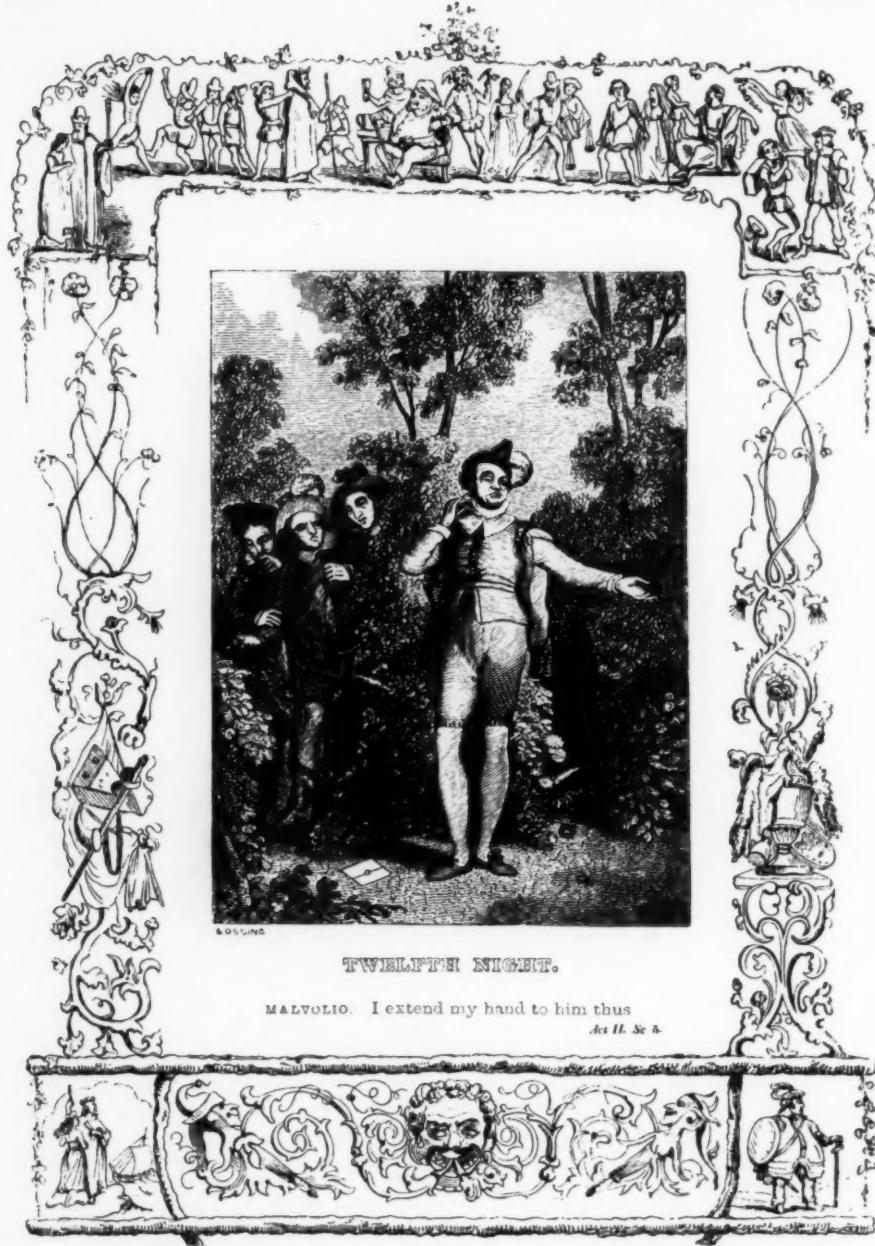
At various courts as well as among the peasantry the choosing of a Bean King on Twelfth Night was a popular diversion. And at court it became entangled with the

notorious Feast of Fools which also took place on Epiphany eve. Presiding over the secular revels of the Feast of Fools was a Lord of Misrule, and in time the Bean King was also called Lord of Misrule.

Along with the gleeful pranks at the English court, such as blowing up pasteboard castles, bombarding guests with egg shells filled with rose-water and serving pies with live frogs beneath the crust—dramatic performances were given. At such a court celebration Ben Jonson produced one of his most famous masques and Shakespeare's sprightly play *Twelfth Night* takes its name, it is said, from the fact that it was first performed on that date.

In church and in society our lively pre-lenten season still begins with Twelfth Day or Twelfth Night celebrations in many places. It marks the church's sacred Festival of Epiphany, commemorating the several manifestations of Christ to the Gentiles.

The same day in Rome, Paris, Milan, Venice and other great European cities, the



gay social whirl of Mardi Gras begins. But it is New Orleans, steeped in tradition and cherishing the history and mystery of its

centuries-old customs, which formally opens the greatest carnival in the world. The Twelfth Night Revelers present magnifi-

cent symbolic tableaux and—following a custom brought over by the first Creole families from France—they inaugurate the *bals de royauté*. With a steady crescendo of fantastic entertainments and hectic balls en masque the season's hilarity comes to a climax on Mardi Gras Day—"Fat Tuesday" to the French but generally known as Shrove Tuesday. Fat Tuesday finds the entire population of New Orleans and a multitude of visitors out in the streets having the time of their lives.

For weeks mysterious, masked Bands and secret Krewes have been suddenly rushing out into the open, disporting themselves in grotesque parades and the most gorgeous pageantry, and then scurrying back to their hidden dens. Now, on Mardi Gras Day, the Krewe of Proteus (a sea god who could change his shape); the Krewe of Comus (the god of festive mirth) parading Milton's Paradise Lost; King Nor (the children's little king) with many attendants; Momus (god of ridicule); and Rex, the Merry Monarch of Misrule—the modern prototype of the English "Bean King"—with his Queen, all gleefully frolic forth and reveal their identities to a gala, expectant throng.

Paradoxically it is planned spontaneity that possesses the carnival crowd. The floats, costumes, tableaux, decorations and trappings are works of art on which designers, artists and builders have been secretly busy for a year. No sooner is one carnival ended than the skilled artisans begin plans for the next. A papier mâché throne may be only papier mâché, but it can be both costly and beautiful. The Queen of Carnival has a crown, scepter, necklace and stomacher studded with gems

—merely rhinestones to be sure—but they are fashioned by the finest jewelers in Paris.

To the undying spirit of age-old carnival New Orleans has ingeniously added much. Taking from the Latin countries the idea of masked revelry in the open streets, she combined with it the American penchant for organization. Creoles, who left their mark on every phase of the city's life, bequeathed to the celebration a legitimate harlequin frivolity. Students furnish for it symmetrical themes from the great in literature, history, theology, mythology, fairy tales and fantasy. From father to son artists transmit the special skill that produces the singularly beautiful costumes, masques, floats and tableaux.

As a Lord of Misrule, Rex the King reigns over the Mardi Gras in New Orleans—the gayest and gaudiest carnival that an imaginative, playful people can conjure.

But always when midnight of Fat Tuesday approaches the revelry dims. The multitude of revelers turns homeward.

The chimes of old St. Louis Cathedral suddenly break into solemn tolling—calling the faithful to prayer and penitence. Lent, with its forty days of fasting, has arrived.

With a still-wildly-beating heart, the city lays aside the festivities which Twelfth Night began. A light wind scuttles discarded tinsel and frayed trappings down the deserted streets with a subdued swish that sounds strangely like a great city's sigh of satisfaction. And why not? Hasn't old New Orleans upheld her traditions and again proved to the world that the ridiculous can be beautiful, that make-believe is romance, and that Fun is Art?



THREE OF NEW ORLEANS "MARDI GRAS" REVELERS



#### THE "MINUTE-MEN" OF THE REVOLUTION.

## Around the Calendar with Famous Americans

V. Paul Revere (January 1, 1735 – May 10, 1818)

LOUISE HARTLEY

*"So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of  
alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock on the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore."*

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BECAUSE of the sentiment expressed in this immortal poem, one might conclude that the mad ride through the countryside was a sudden departure from the regular routine of farmer Paul Revere.

The fact is, however, that the famous "Courier of the Revolution" was forty years of age at the time of the April 18, 1775, adventure. He had taken many such hurried and hazardous rides.

When General Gage of the British army planned to transfer his supply of ammunition from the arsenal at Fort William and Mary to a safer place, it was Paul Revere who galloped off to warn General Sullivan of the Colonial army. From there he dashed over to Portsmouth to "stir the New Hampshire Lads into action."

During the quiet period which followed the "Boston Massacre" in 1770 and the burning of the British ship *Gaspee* in 1772, the colonists became more dissatisfied under British rule. Committees of Correspondence and Committees of Safety were formed for the purpose of exchanging news and opinions. The dangerous task of carrying the news became another one of the many duties of Paul Revere, now the offi-

cial Massachusetts Provincial Courier. For years the figure of the faithful patriot riding horseback was a familiar sight throughout the countryside.

In 1773, after the first tea ship of the East India Company arrived in the Boston harbor, Revere joined a group of colonists determined to register a protest. This unusual privilege of allowing the foreign tea company to unload free-from-duty tea was designed to injure American trade.

Encouraged by John Hancock, a leading Boston merchant and importer of tea, Revere made a long, hazardous horseback ride to New York. Here he divulged the proposed plans for the "Boston Tea Party" to the members of the "Sons of Liberty" organization. This done, he immediately returned to Boston in order to join the party of men disguised as Indians who boarded the East India Company ship on the night of December 16th, and emptied its contents into the Boston harbor.

In 1774 when England punished the colony of Boston, closed its ports to the outside world, and took away the charter of Massachusetts, it was Revere who made the hurried horseback ride to Philadelphia. Here he delivered to the first Continental Congress, meeting in Carpenter's Hall, the Suffolk Resolves made in defiance of the "Intolerable Acts of September, 1774."

Two days before he made his ride of April 18, 1775, Revere made an equally important one. He carried a warning to the patriots at Concord to move their ammunition to a place of safety, prior to the

advance of General Gage. It was on this journey that he arranged for the informative signals covering the next move of the British. If the Redcoats left Boston by water, "we will shew two lanterns in the North Church steeple, if by land, one, as a signal."

Paul Revere's midnight ride of April 18 was prompted by the desire to save the life of his old friends, John Hancock and Samuel Adams. General Gage was sending a special detachment to capture them.

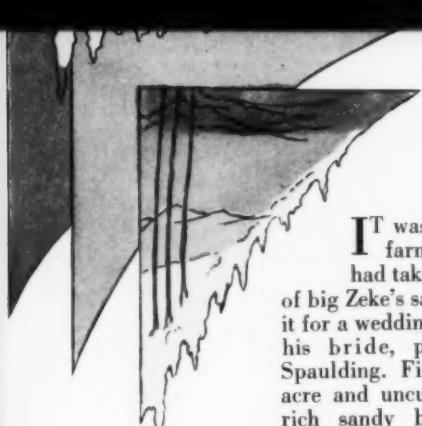
Every school child knows how, according to tradition, Revere crossed the Charles River, right under the prow of the British ship, the oars of his boat muffled by "a woman's petticoat." How the brave band of Minutemen stood their ground at Lexington and at Concord and, eventually, how the British retreated from Boston.

To this versatile Boston patriot who as a boy coasted down Beacon Hill, later made gunpowder for the battle of Bunker Hill, and tossed tea in the Boston harbor disguised as a Mohawk Indian, goes the honor of being America's first cartoonist. His three engravings of the Boston harbor showing the landing of the British in 1768 and of the Boston Massacre, are highly prized today.

The delicately designed Paul Revere silver, his copper engravings, and his book plates are considered masterpieces. Although a leader in civic affairs and national advancement, Revere clung to his quaint colonial costume until the day of his death, May 10, 1818, in his eighty-third year.



SUGAR BOWL, CREAMER, AND TEAPOT MADE BY PAUL REVERE



## White Walls

GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

IT was such a tiny farm and yet it had taken every cent of big Zeke's savings to buy it for a wedding present for his bride, pretty Kitty Spaulding. Five dollars an acre and uncultivated, but rich sandy bottom land. They had cleared it and built a two-room frame house. It had been wonderful those first few years, even though they were fraught with hardship. Wonderful, because these hardships had been wrestled with and overcome, and permeated by an enduring determination to establish a home that would shelter them through the years of rearing two babies that eventually made their appearance—sturdy little Chappy and sweet baby Sue.

After a few years of searing summer heat and the cold of long hard winters the little place took on a homelike aspect. The acres were fertile and the house, under Kitty's skillful hands, looked homey and neat. The children were so sweet and unspoiled. There was every incentive to carry on when the war broke out. Poor Zeke was torn between home and duty and Kitty wanted him to be uninfluenced by her needs or opinion. After weighing the matter pro and con Zeke finally volunteered, to be rejected because of a lame foot, injured when the house was built.

Kitty could not help being overjoyed and Zeke was relieved that the matter had been taken from his hands and a great contentment pervaded the little home. They were going to be cozy and happy for the winter. They went about preparing for it with peace in their hearts.

Today Kitty sang as she worked. It was a tricky day in midwinter—the sun was pale and watery, hiding sometimes behind dun clouds to pop out now and again in a half-hearted attempt to shine. A restlessness of wind foretold a weather change—a regular “weather breeder” of a day.

Inside the little house all was bustle and cheer. Before the fireplace, in which burned fragrant applewood, stood an iron crane with a three-legged black pot sus-

pended upon it. The cornmeal pudding within it simmered and erupted tiny volcanoes of steam fragrant with bits of sage and pork “cracklings.”

On the floor near the wood box little Chappy was building a pigpen of white corncobs. The pigs corralled inside were represented by glossy brown buckeyes. In the corner of the kitchen was a bed, moved there for greater convenience and warmth during the severest of the cold months. On this bed sat little Sue crooning over a doll made of a winter squash. True, the doll's neck was a trifle swan-like and her face—fashioned by Zeke's penknife—was rather flat, but was she not wrapped around with mother's bright Paisley shawl? Certainly. To Sue she was the loveliest doll in the whole world.

Kitty thumped the dasher of the churn up and down—up and down. Small clots of golden butter began to appear and cling to the dasher; the butter was coming early today and Kitty was glad. There would be time to cool the pudding, mold and slice it and fry it in butter with some of Zeke's smooth sorghum syrup and the new buttermilk to drink. What a feast! So Kitty sang because she was happy and because it amused the children.

The fire snapped and popped foretelling snow. Kitty moved her treasured geranium, brought all the way from her home in Missouri. If it should freeze tonight! But she would remember to cover it. Getting out the yellow bowl she swirled the mass of butter, gathering the most of it on the dasher. She brought it dripping from the milk into the bowl where she wielded a wooden paddle until every drop of milk was worked out. Then she pressed the mass into a wooden mold and set it covered just outside the door. In a few moments it could be pressed out into the milk-glass butter dish and upon its golden surface would be molded a lovely maple leaf. They always ate around this emblem as long as possible. Zeke vowed it was much too “perty” to eat.

Kitty saw Zeke come limping into the barn yard. He was tying a rope from the barn door, meaning to attach it to the back door of the house. Kitty knew by this that

he anticipated a heavy snowfall. He often took this measure in order to find the barn in a blizzard.

At length he entered, bringing with him a whiff of the tangy outdoor smell. "Big snow due—Muthy—sma-ah!" he sniffed appreciatively of the fragrant supper. "Fee, fie, fo, fum. I smell goodies for my tum-tum," improvised Zeke, giving the roller towel a twirl. Chappy began to jump up and down in a sort of war dance: "Guess what we got fer supper." Zeke glanced at the mush browning on a spider upon the coals: "Shucks! It's jest cawn meal with li'l bugs in it."

Chappy's face fell in disappointment: "Aw, Daddy, them's not bugs, them's sage 'n' cracklin's," whereupon Daddy caught him up and tossed him high overhead while Sue shrieked in sympathetic glee.

After the meal was dispatched and Julia Ann's gourd face bedaubed with sorghum in Sue's attempt to feed her, Kitty rose and cleared the table. Now came the most wonderful part of their day. Kitty went to the highboy in a corner and brought out the huge silver-clasped Bible. It was their most treasured possession—a wedding gift and truly impressive. The deeply embossed covers, the beautiful Doré illustrations—Zeke read a chapter every night and tonight Chappy knelt on a rush-bottomed chair while Zeke gathered Sue and the ubiquitous Julia Ann into his lap and turned the pages until he found the fringed ribbon marker that Kitty had embroidered in lilies. First the children must see the colored pages that preceded the "Word", the marriages, the births, the deaths. Here were the births, gilt embossed—Sue's fat little finger pointed to the lettering that she knew by hearsay was her own. Then he turned to the ornately colored page besprinkled with doves, roses and cupids, and within a golden wedding ring was a picture of Daddy and Muthy. True, the slim, black-coated groom didn't look much like poor lame Zeke, nor did the childish be-veiled lady look like Kitty, but 'twas—for right there it said plain as anything: Ezekiel W Glenn to Kathryn B Spaulding.

Kitty had cleaned the three-legged pot and set it before the fire to dry so Chappy knew that the time was growing short. He clamored for just one look at some of his "most favorite pictures" before the reading of the chapter began. Obligingly Zeke

turned to a picture of the "Deluge" and Chappy's face grew sober as he looked at the huge tiger upon the water-surrounded knoll. He wondered if the mama tiger was hurting her little cub as she held it in her teeth away from the swirling waters. Then next came a picture of a little boy carrying a bundle of sticks on his back. The little boy's father was to make a sacrificial fire of his son because the Lord had bade him do so. . . . *Gee! to cook your own little boy!* But here came Muthy with her basket of darning and the fun was over. Chappy's attention wandered back to his corn-cob pig pen. Zeke cleared his throat and shifted drowsy Sue to his left knee and solemnly he began reading.

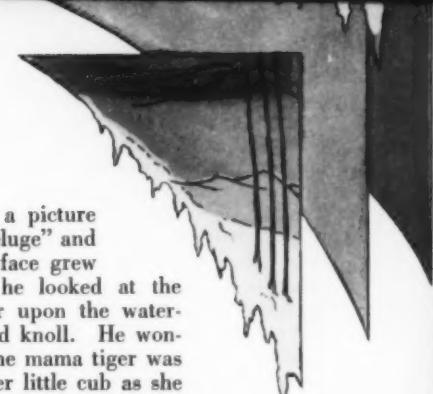
Outside the snow was now coming down in a thick white blanket; the wind blew around the little shelter, shaking the windows and sifting powdery ridges just inside the rudely built sills. Suddenly from without there came a long drawn out "Hello-o!" and then: "Zeke, Ze-ke!"

Zeke passed the baby to Kitty's arms and went to the door; peering out he beheld the form of a man on a mule. He had reined his mount to the side of the unporched doorway and Zeke could see that it was old Mr. Witherspoon from across the bluff.

"Howdy, Mr. Witherspoon, light and come in."

"Zeke, Zeke! Bundle up yore folks and try to make the Fort! Price's raiders are behind and on their way here! They're raiding and burning and murdering—they're crazed with hunger and suffering and will stop at nothing. Haste ye, Zeke—I'm on m' way down the road to warn the rest," and the old man spurred his mule into the storm, an old and travestied Paul Revere.

Zeke closed the door and turned to meet Kitty's terror-stricken eyes above the sleeping baby's head. He knew they couldn't make the Fort; his horse was slow and the



way full of perils in the storm and darkness. He might miss the trail and wander about only to freeze or die later from exposure.

Kitty's eyes were anxiously looking to him for a solution. His children . . . his to protect, to save. What, oh, what must he do? His distracted gaze fell upon the open Bible. . . . "He who dwelleth in the secret places of the most high . . ." Zeke read this subconsciously, his ears attuned to the high shrieking of the wind. Zeke took Kitty's shoulders in his hands, he shook her slightly.

"Kitty . . . you must trust me in this . . . and *PRAY*." She nodded mutely. "Put the children to bed and cover them with everything in the house. I'm going to put out the fire. Hurry darling."

"Why ain't you skinnin' me of m' shirty and daw-ways?" Chappy was wide awake and curious about this unusual procedure.

"For a real good reason, darling. Promise Muthy you will be very, very quiet and try to go to sleep."

Zeke was at the fireplace pouring salt from a stone jar upon the flames. He drew the blinds of both windows to the sills, motioning Kitty to wrap herself in a blanket, he then put out the lamp. Taking Kitty's hand he drew her gently to the side of the bed where the children lay. Together they knelt and Zeke whispered an earnest prayer for protection.

"I shall look up into the hills from whence cometh my help. The Lord is my help which hath made heaven and earth." Kitty smothered her sobs in the bed-coverings, while Zeke's earnest whisper pleaded on: "He shall not suffer thy foot to be removed. . . . He that keepeth thee shall not slumber."

Far, far down the road there rose a clamor; hoarse shouts could be heard and Kitty pressed close to Zeke's side, trembling violently. His strong arm pressed her closely but he prayed on unfalteringly. At a slit of the drawn blind there seeped a rosy flare, growing brighter then dimming. Zeke swallowed audibly . . . that would be old man Witherspoon's home. Gone . . . ashes now. Poor old soul had wasted precious moments to warn Zeke. Zeke sent up a soundless prayer for the safety of this good neighbor.

Now they could hear the sound of horses' hoofs slashing through the snow, their bodies bumping together in the snowy darkness. Shouts came from crazed men as they goaded their mounts onward. They must be as close as the west meadow . . . soon, soon now they would come into view of the house.

Kitty held her breath. Baby Sue murmured in her sleep. Her fat little arms drew from beneath the covers. . . . "Julia Ann . . . eat nice 'lasses' she coaxed in her dreams of play. Kitty captured the restless arms and restored them to the warmth of the quilts. A haze of stark, acute terror gripped at her heart. They were coming! coming to kill and to burn, all the labor of the past sweet years would go up in smoke. And to die . . . so young. It wouldn't be so terrible for her, and for Zeke. But the children! to die before life had begun. . . . Incapable of praying herself she strained her ears for Zeke's whispered words which did not falter "Thou art our shield and buckler" . . . "He who smiteth the rock for water in the desert—He who parteth a path through the sea, all things are possible to Thee. Protect us, I pray Thee, O Father. Raise up *now* a wall to hide these thy little ones who trust Thee." These words Kitty heard and took heart. She heard the murmur go on; thanking God that his plea had been heard . . . and *answered*. Kitty felt ashamed before the grandeur of Zeke's faith.

Closer and closer came the raiders to the little house. Firebrands glanced here and there. Hoarse shouts from the maddened raiders rang out exultant cries that ended in snatches of war song parodies. The rattle of a trace chain, the creak of a saddle. The torches seemed to penetrate the room and creep beneath the very lids of Kitty's closed eyes. But no, it was only imagination, a fever dream—a chimera. Time seemed to halt in its tracks. Had they seen the house? Were they even now coming up the lane? Were they creep, creep, creeping upon them to break in or fire the house?

After what seemed like hours Zeke leaned over and whispered very, very low: "Darling, I believe they have passed. Listen! Doesn't it seem that the sounds are growing fainter?" They listened, straining every

sense they possessed through their ears in an effort to hear. They scarcely dared breathe, hardly dared hope. But it was true. Fainter and fainter grew the shouts, the ribald songs, the grunts of the horses and rattling of chains and still Zeke kept to his knees praising and thanking God for fulfillment.

Worn out with emotion, Kitty drowsed. The room grew bitter cold; the rose geranium touched by frost curled its scalloped, fragrant leaves and drooped. A frosty vapor rose from Zeke's still moving lips. Tired, Kitty slept with her tumbled curls upon the warm, breathing bodies of her children and after a while Zeke too slept, still kneeling with his arm around his wife.

After a while a slit of gray dawn showed beneath the drawn blind and startled Zeke awake. Why! 'twas daylight! Zeke strained his ears. A perfect silence prevailed. There was no sound save the gnawing of a hungry mouse in the rafters. He ventured from his stiff posture, gained his feet and crept cautiously to the window. Day was breaking fast.

Cautiously Zeke lifted a portion of the blind, and the dazzle of snow hurt his eyes. He stood shivering and blinking—somehow

it seemed an alien scene. Then his sleep-numbed brain began to function and he saw through the frosted pane something that thrilled his heart with reverential awe. He ran the blind clear to the top of the window. It rattled and tore through the stillness and with its noise came Zeke's exultant cry.

"Kitty! Kitty! Awake, darling, and see the wonderful miracle that God has wrought!"

Kitty stumbled from her cramped posture and staggered to Zeke's side by the window. He caught her in his arms and his trembling finger pointed through the little window that faced the roadway. And there, Kitty's wide, awed eyes beheld a *wall of glistening snow*, blown by the wind into a drift higher than the top of the little cottage. It made a perfect, impenetrable rampart, hiding it safely even from the torches of last night's raiders.

Once more Zeke drew Kitty to her knees beside the now stirring babies. "We thank Thee, oh Gracious God," he said simply and rose to build up the fire. Kitty's laugh sounded low in her throat, her eyes were shining. "I think, Zeke, that I'll open a jar of damson butter and make some fresh ash-cakes."



# MOCASINS of MAGIC

*(The Origin of the Snowshoe)*

MABEL NATALIE ERICKSEN



In the faraway beginnings,  
Wasawa and Oakana  
Loved the same and lovely maiden,  
Laughing Eyes, the sachem's daughter,  
Whose one thought was of her lover,  
Wasawa of her own choosing—  
Fleetfoot warrior, tall and graceful,  
Strongly slender as an elm tree;  
For she loved not Oakana,  
Whom the sachem would have chosen  
Son to sit with him in council  
Round the campfire of the lodges;  
Oakana whom she dreaded,  
Dreaded as her father's anger  
Should she marry 'gainst his wishes—  
Oakana, short, defiant,  
Strong and sturdy as the oak tree,  
Sure of self and sure of others.

Then the stern chief gave an order  
That the rivals travel northward,  
Northward in the dead of winter;  
Travel with an urgent message  
To his friend, the cruel Ice King,  
To his friend, Kabibonakka;  
Gave three days to make them ready  
For a full round moon of travel  
Over miles of trackless wasteland  
To the regions of the North Wind,  
Where he spent his raging fury  
Splitting icebergs for his dwelling,

Drifting in the bear and rabbit,  
Mishe-Mokwa, the White Rabbit.  
And the order, further given,  
Said who first returned with answer  
Should be first to claim the maiden;  
He the one that she must welcome,  
Welcome to her heart and lodging.

Laughing Eyes was faint with worry,  
Sick with fear that Oakana  
Would be first to bring the answer,  
First to claim her hand in marriage.  
Thoughts like these kept her from slumber,  
Haunted her till early morning,  
When a light and fitful dreaming  
Took strange shapes as ducks from snow-  
drifts,  
Drifts that buried other creatures.  
Such a dream must be an omen,  
Coming three times in succession  
In the first throes of her sorrow,  
In the first night of her worry.  
So when morning came she scattered  
Bursting seeds and meaty tidbits  
To the wild birds at their feeding.  
And the wild ducks came as tame ones,  
Feeding closer till she caught one,  
Stroked its wings and threw it from her,  
Threw it to the fluffy snowdrifts  
Whence it rose and in a moment  
Walked to feed among its brothers.

Laughing Eyes then knew the meaning  
Of the dream she had not fathomed;  
Learned from it to make the snowshoe,  
Lightest footgear for her lover.  
She took ashwood as was fashioned  
Into bows for swiftest arrows,  
Strips of ashwood for the framework,  
Wove across the space with deer thongs,  
Wove again for strength and firmness—  
Laced a web within the framework,  
Fastened rawhide straps to hold it,  
Hold it to the foot in travel.  
Thus she labored on in secret  
Till she had two snowshoes ready,  
Ready for the farewell moment  
When her lover tried to cheer her  
After Oakana's warning,  
That she best for him be ready.

After miles of weary travel  
Over stretches of white prairie,  
Wasawa caught fewer glimpses  
Of his rival's fox-tailed headgear,  
Of his rival's deer-skin leggings,  
As he vanished into marshes,  
Swamps of tamarac and cedar,  
Grey morasses lichen-bearded.  
And the Chinook joined the North Wind,  
Joined the North Wind till a blizzard  
Shut the sight of earth from heaven:  
Whirled between them like a dervish  
Covering the earth with darkness,  
Leaping skyward in white spirals  
Like a legion of loosed devils  
Bent on nothing but destruction.

When the fury had abated  
Wasawa fared like the others,  
Like all creatures sank and stumbled  
When he tried to walk the snowdrifts,  
Drifts that baffled and delayed him.

Then came Laughing Eyes in spirit,  
Came in tense and windswept whispers,  
Urging him as when he left her  
That in need he try the snowshoes.  
Forth he drew them from their bagging,  
Fastened them as she directed,  
And behold! he walked the snowdrifts,  
Walked the snowdrifts all way northward;  
Made quick work from out his errand—  
Found his rival had not been there,  
Had not been there with a message;  
Took his bearings to the southward  
Over miles of drifted wasteland;  
And the snowshoes like to magic  
Carried him with eagle swiftness  
Safely home before the full moon  
Swung again upon its orbit.

When he gave the chief the message  
Comments ceased and turned to wonder,  
Wonder at his quick returning  
And the strange things he had fastened  
On his feet since he had left them.  
Then, the truth and much rejoicing,  
For the maiden gave a promise  
She would teach them, all the women,  
Teach them how to make the snowshoe,  
That their braves might safely travel  
In the hunt or on the warpath.  
And before another full moon  
Laughing Eyes, no longer maiden,  
Sat as one among the women;  
Taught them how to make the snowshoe,  
Taught them how to bend the ashwood,  
Helped them string the frames with deer  
thongs,  
Helped them weave across with sinews,  
Till each squaw had for her warrior  
Magic shoes to speed him homeward,  
Such as Laughing Eyes had dreamed of,  
Given Wasawa, her lover.



# Ancestors and Life Planning

ROY E. McFEE

MOST OF us are familiar with the story of the Ugly Duckling. The Ugly Duckling, it will be recalled, was a social misfit. He was different from the other ducklings. He was much larger and quite clumsy, especially on the land. In the water he took twice as much room as any other, and was slow at swimming besides. He could not even quack like the others. Consequently he never could make himself understood.

As the months passed his appearance became more and more different from the other ducklings. His feathers grew larger and stiffer. His neck was much longer and had a peculiar bend in it. The other ducklings began to look askance at him and then to shun him. As a result the Ugly Duckling developed an inferiority complex.

Then one day while the ducklings were on the water, there floated past a group of graceful white swans. The Ugly Duckling admired the stately birds and wished he could be like them. Quite by chance he happened to look down into the water and saw his own reflection for the first time. To his amazement and delight, he discovered that he was not a duck at all, but a beautiful white swan exactly like the plumed creatures he had been envying. With a little shout of joy he straightway forsook the ducks that he had been with, and proceeded to join his fellow swans to live with them happily thereafter.

This story of the Ugly Duckling is somewhat the story of many a person who discovers suddenly that he is better born than he knew. This particular drama happens time and time again to those who learn of their ancestors for the first time. It is true that some families in more fortunate circumstances do keep their traditions and maintain their social plane. But in a large percentage of cases, the past achievements of the family are forgotten and the social standing itself becomes affected by changing circumstances.

Thus to many persons, ancestor discovery comes as a genuine revelation. Newly found distinguished ancestors often provide a complete explanation of some of their

own characteristics and ambitions, which until then had seemed to spring from nowhere. A person is too apt to be misled by a possible drab existence of perhaps the two previous generations—that is, his parents and grandparents. He is likely to forget that achievement requires not only ability but also opportunity, and that undistinguished forebears are not necessarily commonplace. Then when he finally penetrates the past and discovers ancestors who have indeed achieved, he acquires a basis for a new orientation of his whole life.

Like the Ugly Duckling, many a person's ignorance of good birth has been a personal tragedy. His good blood, although unknown to him, has caused him to have aspirations quite out of keeping with his environment and associates. At the same time, his erroneous notion of mediocre origin has discouraged him from realizing his ambitions. As a result he has remained in his commonplace associations even while feeling vaguely that he did not belong there.

To such a person the discovery of outstanding ancestors brings a changed outlook. To the degree that he grasps the significance of the discovery, he begins quietly to take his rightful place in the world, rather as the Ugly Duckling did. He is conscious of an abrupt change in all of his relationships and finds himself possessed of a new self-confidence.

Such a person is certain to widen his social circle, taking in groups from which he had considered himself barred. He makes, not only new acquaintances, but also new friends to add to the list of old friends. He finds to his astonishment that his new world is much easier and much more friendly to him than was his former world. Thus the human Ugly Duckling, after knowing so many social difficulties, comes finally into his own.

Nothing about it all is more startling than the new high estimate that the individual has of his personal ability. The surprising thing is that there have been indications of this ability all along, but unrecognized. The Ugly Duckling has looked

like a swan from the beginning, but the fact has not been perceived by either himself or others. When the individual knows the facts as to his inherited talents, his objectives at once move higher.

One of the great satisfactions of ancestor discovery occurs when there is found some particular family ability which seems to be dominant. This may be ability in science, in art, in letters or in oratory. If such an outstanding family ability persists to the present generation, by all means it should be found and cultivated. Indeed the whole personality may well be built around this strongest family characteristic. Then the appropriate field for using this particular ability should be found. The appropriate field is the one where the ability gives an easy and assured command. Actually all this is the beginning of a more ambitious life plan.

Nowhere is knowledge of ancestors and inherited ability more vital than in the choosing or adapting of one's vocation. In general there are two vocational tragedies. The one is where the work is above the capabilities of the worker. The other is where the work does not allow the worker to use his full intellectual powers. Of the two situations the second is by far the worse. It is difficult for a superior person to become interested in work for which he has contempt. Now it often happens that a study of the family shows a uniform high achievement in a particular profession. If so, that profession should be given serious consideration, because it offers the present-day individual a high probability of intellectual satisfaction and ultimate success.

Ancestor knowledge as a means to vocational guidance is important, not only to young people who have to choose a vocation, but also to older people in adjusting their vocations to new interests and changed conditions. Vocational study and adjustment is really lifelong. But so is ancestor study. Thus these processes go hand in hand.

An understanding of family background is likewise indispensable in psychological adjustments of personal problems. It is

not an exaggeration to say that a profound feeling of inferiority often springs from an erroneous low estimate of one's family. The prescribed formula for emotional adjustments usually is to get broader social contacts. Simple as this sounds, it leaves many earnest individuals in a dilemma, because they sense the need of a pole star—a clear objective consistent with their background. After all, nearly all of courage is in knowing what is wanted and what may rightfully be aspired to. In order to clear up this mental confusion and to bring motives to a focus, there is nothing else like an analysis of one's ancestry. It is significant that added emotional stability comes even from the simple awareness that one's ancestry goes back to the Puritans or other early immigrants. It brings a sense of belonging.

Finally, many a philosophy of life awaits a knowledge of ancestors. Ancestors are the past; they cannot be changed; neither can they be ignored. Good ancestors should determine a person's whole orientation, not only of social class, ability, occupation and personality, but also of philosophical attitude toward ethics and morals.

Actually all these considerations are tied together. Probably there is nothing more marked about a social class than its distinctive attitude toward the obligations and conventions of social relations. So great is the difference that one class never troubles to explain itself to another class. Instead it lives its life in complete disdain of the opinion of any other class.

It is clear that the individual is born to his social place. The matter may be obscured by lack of knowledge of ancestors, but actually the person has no choice, everything having been settled at his birth. Thus it is imperative that the person come to know what his social plane is. Once established in that plane and possessed of full knowledge of his inherited resources, he can have courage for anything. Moreover, at the end of the trail he will have a standard by which to measure his life achievements. All this is made possible by getting acquainted with ancestors.

# GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

*Genealogical Editor*

**NOTE: All letters pertaining to this department should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.**

IT IS with pleasure that I announce the work of the Historical Records Survey is being continued. When Congress passed the Relief bill last Summer there were so many restrictions placed on the use of "white collar" workers that it was feared for a time this valuable work of inventorying county records would have to be stopped. While the Survey has been much decentralized and local sponsors are now necessary, in most cases the various problems have been solved, sponsors have been secured and the projects are operating in all states and the District of Columbia under careful and adequate supervision as heretofore.

Assistance of the Daughters of the American Revolution will continue to be needed, however, as after January 1, 1940, the W.P.A. regulations will require a higher percentage of contributions from sponsors, and chapters can help by impressing on local officials the importance of continuing this work and in getting additional sponsors where necessary.

One of the principal difficulties now is to find funds for the paper and mimeographing necessary to publish the final results of the inventories. Here is another phase in which we can help. It must be remembered that the D.A.R. Library receives two copies of everything published by the Historical Records Survey.

Chapters have helped in many ways in the past; the inventory of church records in Connecticut was made by our members, under the supervision of the Historical Rec-

ords Survey; in other states individual chapters have aided in various phases of the work. We hope this will continue, until a complete inventory is made of all county records in the United States. \* \* \*

This Department has received from W. Wayne Smith, LL. D., Associate Professor of Education of the University of Idaho at Moscow, a copy of "The General Order & Roster of Henry County, Virginia Militia, March 11, 1781," the original of which is in the possession of Mr. J. T. Penn of Martinsville, Virginia, who has given permission for its publication herein. Mr. J. T. Penn is a great-grandson of Colonel Abraham Penn, who issued The General Order. Dudley Stephens of this roll is great-grandfather of W. Wayne Smith, whose interest in this Department is appreciated. "Colonel Abraham Penn organized the first and only body of troops that went from this and adjoining counties. He was in command of this regiment when it marched to General Greene's assistance and took part in the Battle of Guilford Court House, Eutah Springs, etc., and finally was at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in October 1781." Ref.: History of Henry County, Virginia, 1925, page 94, by Miss Judith Parks American Hill.

"Henry County, Va.:

"You are forthwith required to march the militia under your command from this county to Hillborough, North Carolina, or

to any post where General Stevens may be with the men under his command, observing to avoid a surprise by the enemy, by the best route to be found. Given under my hand this 11th day of March, 1781.

Abraham Penn, Col. H.C."

General Order for Major George Waller

A list of Militia ordered from Henry County to the assistance of General Greene: 1st Captain—Jonathan Hamby.

1st Lieut.—Edward Tatum.

2nd Lieut.—Isaac Cloud, Robt. Watson, 1st Sgt.; Geo. Bletcher, 2nd Sgt.

2nd Captain—David Lanier, Josiah Shaw, Lieut.; James Prahey, Ensign.

3rd Captain—George Hairston, Joshua Rentfro, Lieut.; Jesse Corn, Ensign; John Smith, Sergt.

*Hamon Critz's Co.*—Charles Dodson, Patrick Ewel, Thomas Lockhart, William Dodson, Deverix Gillian, Patterson Childers, S. William Going, William Smith, Daniel Swilwart.

*John Cunningham's Co.*—Joseph Cunningham, Thomas Hollinsworth, Nathan Veal, Josiah Turner, Munford Perryman, Samuel Packwood, William Turner, Daniel Smith, Reuben Webster.

*James Cowdin's Co.*—John Robertson, Stephen Hurd, Jesse Hall, Dudley Mileham, William Hodges, Thomas Watson, William Cheek, Joseph Channel, Charles Summerdale, John Arthur, Jordan Mileham.

*S. Tarrant's Co.*—John Carroll, Phillip Brashears, Humphrey Scroggins, Thomas Scroggins, Richard Gilley, Francis Gilley, John Wilson Sr., John Wilson Jr., William Moore, Archie Murphy, John Farris, Thomas Edwards, John Gray, John Rea, John Davis, William Cox, Jacob Stalings.

*Thomas Smith's Co.*—William Stewart, John Hurd, James Strange, Henry Smith, Francis Tillston, Jesse Burnett, Thomas Hurd, George Stewart, David Atkins, Jonathan Pratt, George Bowls, Henry Law.

*Peter Hairston's Co.*—Joseph Perregoy, Joseph Pearson, William Bowling, Jarrett Martin, John Aragin, Nathan Jones, William Brown, John Nance, Joseph Bowling.

*James Tarrant's Co.*—Joseph Gravely, Robert Tate, James Bryant, son of Warren, Henry Warren, John Burch, Charles Dickerson, Edward Smith, John Doyal, William Elkins, Samuel Wane, James Cox.

*Thomas Henderson's Co.*—Richard Reynolds, Samuel Hoof, Michael Barker, Alexander Jones, Thomas Small, James Crawley, Joseph Hurt, William Branham, John Branham, Barnabas Branham, John Edwards, John Gibson, Joel Harbour, George Folly, Moses Arms, William Bainbridge.

*Elephaz Shelton's Co.*—Francis Barratt, John Barratt, Mathew Sims, Jacob Adams, William McGhee, Thomas Harrisby, Jacob Arnolds, Thomas Hudson, Shadrack Barrett, Hezekiah Harris, John Carroll.

*Jonathan Hanby's Co.*—Dudley Stephens, Ben Hensley, John Bowman, Joshua Stephens, John Cartwell, John Howell, Nelson Donothan, John Chandker, Henry Hensley, Nickman Hensley.

*James Poteate's Co.*—Peter Bays, Ninon Prator, Ben Hubbard, John Ratford, John Sneed, Joseph Street, Stephen Watkins, Thomas Tinson, George Nevil, Peter Tittle, Charles Hibbert, Joseph Perregoy, Richard Potson, William Elliot, John Mullins, Ambrose Mullins, Joseph Waldin, Acquilla Black.

*Brice Martin's Co.*—John Rea, John Cox, Nathaniel Tate, James Barker, Archibald Hatcher, Thomas Jones, Abraham Moore, James Billings, John Prytle, Joseph Piper, Peleg Rogers, John Pursell, Michael Rowland, Henry Tate, Peter Mitchell.

*John Rentfro's Co.*—Robert English, John Kelly, Thomas Welch, Thomas Harris, Thomas Bell, Ebenezer Pryatt, Abraham Jones, William Dunn, Isaac Jones, James Grier, John Miles, Samuel Fox.

*Owen Ruble's Co.*—Robert Grimmet, Philip Massey, John Atkins, David Atkins, Richard Copeland, William Mullins, John Stanley, William Bohanan, Joseph Davis, John Brammer.

*Swinfield Hill's Co.*—Solomon Davis, George Fargason, Ambrose Warren, William Stewart, Anerson McGuire, John Holloday, Dozier Grimmet, Josiah

Woods, John Woods, Jeremiah Holloday, William Dillingham, William Thompson, William Bartee, David Peake, Obadiah Graves, John Graham.

*Lamier's Co.*—William Hays, Noble Johnson, Howell Ivey, John Alexander, Fisher Allen, Alexander Joyce, David Mays, John Richardson, Sadwich Kiziah, John East, Charles Denham, Joseph Anglin, John Bowling, James Pratley, Ham McCain, Hans Hambleton.

*George Hairston's Co.*—Richard Parsley, Joseph Blackley, Samuel Jamerson, Aristiphus Baughn, John Kitchen, John Jamerson, John Rivers, John Crouch, John Jones, Lewis Bradberry, Thomas Finch, Jesse Elkins, James Davis.

*James Dillard's Co.*—William Fee, Jesse Witt, James Roberts, John Atkins, John Taylor, William Roberts, Augustine Sims, Barlett Reynolds, Morris Humphreys, Joseph Sewell, Joseah Smith, John Deppriest, Thomas Hambleton.

*Tully Choice's Co.*—Samuel Luttrell, Moses Brooke, Jouel Estes, William Bennet, Isaac Shillmore, William Long, Elisha Estes, John Wilkes, James Prunty, David Pruitt, Noah Atkins, Daniel Richardson, Nathan Davis, Nathan Ryan.

*Thomas Haile's Co.*—Jesse Cook, Jesse Coats, Joseph Haile, Peter Anderson, Joseph Richards.

*John Fontain's Co.*—James Rea, Thomas Dokings, George Pool, John Willinghan, Thomas Leake, Thomas Parsley, Samuel Weaver, Stephen King, Alexander Barnes, Henry Mannings, Abraham Payne, William Graves, Joseph Rice, William Bledsoe.

### Abstracts of Wills

#### Lancaster County Court House

(Continued from December issue, and contributed by Eleanore J. Fulton of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.)

**Hutchison, James, Sr.** (1784-W.B.-E-1-51). (Written Hutcheson). Rapho Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Written April 15, 1776. Mentions: Son James, Jr. Dau. Elizabeth, wife of Robert McCord. Dau. Florence, wife of James Rodgers. Executors: Son James and Son-in-law, James Rodgers.

Wits.: Patrick Hayes, John Meas, Samuel Patterson. Probated June 10, 1784.

**Hutchison, John** (1784-W.B.-D-1-451). Written August 27, 1776. Hanover Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Yeaman. Mentions: Honorable father, Joseph Hutchison. Sister Mary Moodey, wife of Robert M. Bro.-in-law Robert Moodey. Sister Leady Scott, widow of Thomas S. Her Dau. Mary Scott. Executors: John Rogers and Robert Moodey. Witnesses: John Moodey, Leady (Lydia) Hutchison. Probate: March 25, 1784. Remarks: To father, Plantation in Hanover Twp. To Robert Moodey, Plantation in Greenwood Twp., Cumberland Co.

**Hutchison, Joseph** (1747-W.B.-I-1-189). Written April 14, 1746. Hanover Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Mary. Sons Joseph and John and other children. Executors: Wife Mary and son John Hutchinson. Witnesses: William Bertram, Andrew Dunkan. Probated April, 1747.

**Hutchison, Robert** (1774-W.B.-C-1-199). (Hutcheson, as signed by himself.) Written Jan. 5, 1774. Hanover Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Mary and 4 children. Sister Elinor's child. Executors: 2 Bros.-in-law, Joseph Hutcheson and William Cathcart. Wits.: Thomas Walker, Joseph Park. Prob.: Jan. 25, 1774.

**Hutchison, Samuel** (1747-W.B.-A-1-133). Written Sept. 23, 1747. Dunigall Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Margaret. Son Samuel and 2 daus. Bro. James. Executors: Wife Margaret and Bro. James. Wits.: Alexander Hutcheson, John Byers. Probated Oct. 4, 1747.

**Hutchison, Joseph** (1784-W.B.-D-1-448). Written Jan. 5, 1784. Hanover Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Mentions: Robert Moodey, son-in-law. James Willson, son-in-law. Mary Moodey, dau. Lydia Willson, dau. Joseph Moodey, grandson. John Moodey, grandson. Joseph Willson, grandson. Elizabeth Jameson, granddaughter. Nancy Scot, granddaughter. Stepdaughter, Margaret Robinson. Bro. Hugh Hutchison. Bro. William Hutchison. Bro.-in-law James Hutchison. Executors: John Rogers, and sons-in-law, James Willson and Robert Moodey. Witnesses: James Robertson,

**Joseph Hutchison, Jos. Hutchison.** Probated: March 25, 1784. Remarks: A bequest to Derry Graveyard.

**Kerr, George** (1734-W.B.-A-1-15). Dated June 1, 1734. Proven: August 7, 1734. County of Lancaster, Twp. of Paxton. Mentions: George Keer, son of William Keer, my brother. Executor: Nephew George Kerr. Witnesses: John McKinnie and Andrew Hanna. Remarks: Gives nephew entire estate.

**Kerr, James** (1748-W.B.-J-1-116). Dated May 19, 1748. Proven: July 27, 1748. Paxton Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife; Son John; Children: Joseph, William, Mary, James, and Nathaniel. Executors: James Morrison and Thomas Elder. Witnesses: Thomas Farrell, Geo. Galloway.

**Kerr, John** (1754-W.B.-B-1-79). Dated Sept. 16, 1754. Proven: Nov. 4, 1754. Derry Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa. Mentions: Daughter Sarah Carothers. Grandson John Carothers. Grandson Robert Carothers. Granddaughter Esther Carothers. Grandson James Carothers. Son James Kerr. Executors: Son James Kerr and Seth Rogers. Witnesses: John Hays, Patrick Heays, Hugh Carithers, James Karr, William Heay, Catren Rodgers.

**Carr (Kerr), Michael** (1746-W.B.-A-1-119). Written Kerr. Written Dec. 14, 1746. Hopewell Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Plantation. Yeoman. Mentions: Wife Margaret and refers to her former husband's estate. Son William. Daus. Martha, Mary, Agnes, Margret, Jinet, Elizabeth, Sarah. Executors: Son William and bro. John Kerr. Wits.: Joseph Culbertson, Alexander Murphy, Nathan Wilson.

**Carr (Kare), Patrick** (1736-W.B.-A-24). Written Kare. Written August 12, 1736. Mentions: Wife. Son Patrick Car, younger. Sons Hugh, Robert, James, John, William Care. Megrot Buchenen. Joseph Clark. Grandson Joshaph Car. Executors: Wife and trusty friends; viz. James McFerson and Andrew Hamilton. Wits.: Thomas Boyd, Wm. Ralston, Wm. McLaughlen. Probated March 24, 1736. Refers to Plantation.

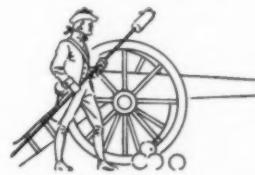
**King, John** (1748-W.B.-A-1-153). Written Aug. 20, 1746. Tyron Twp., Lanc. Co., Pa. Plantation. Mentions: Son Samuel

King and his son John and dau. Joan King. Victor King and son William King. 3 sons: William, James and Victor. Executors: 3 sons: William, James & Victor. Witnesses: James Murphy, Hugh McKeen, Alexander Love, Robert McKeen. Probated June 7, 1748.

**McCullough, Alexander** (1747-A-1-135). Written Jan. 15, 1746. Yeoman. Plantation. Mentions: Wife Mary. 2 bros. Joseph and Samuel in Ireland. William George and Robert George and their Aunt. Executors: Mary McCullough and Thomas Wilson. Wits.: Fred Douglass, John Chambers, Hugh Davis. Probated May 25, 1747.

**McCollough, Samuel** (1785-W.B.-E-1-310). Written June 16, 1783 (signed McCoolloch). Marick Twp. (Martic Twp.), Lanc. Co., Pa. Mentions: Wife Jane; Sons Robert, Alexander, Samuel, John, and Joseph. Executors: Sons Alexander and Robert McCollough. Wits.: John Boyd, Thomas Boyd. Probated Dec. 6, 1785.

(To be continued)



## Revolutionary War Pensions

File No. S 8.945.

**Peddy, Andrew.** Cert. No. 31.019; issued March 14, 1837, Act of June 7, 1832, at \$36.66 per annum, from March 4, 1831.

Application for Pension Feb. 13, 1837. Age 79 yrs. and upwards. Res. at date of app. Chatham Co., N. C. Res. at date of enlistment Agency N. C. Service N. C. Rank Private.

Andrew Peddy was born in Halifax Co., Va. in 1754. He volunteered in 1779 and served in a company of Militia in Wake Co., N. C. commanded by Capt. Bledsoe; was mustered into service at Wake Old Court House and at Hillsborough joined Col. Farmer's Regt. served 5 mos. He was drafted Aug. 1780 in Wake Co., N. C. served in Capt. Wooster Daniel's (not clear) Co. the Regt. Col. Umphries for 3 mos. He volunteered in 1781 in a Co. of Horse

in Wake Co., N. C. under Capt. Matthew McCleloch—was in the battle of Case Creek and a small skirmish near Wilmington in the neighborhood of Cape Fear River—served 3 mos. He lived in Wake Co. when called into service and in 1818 moved to Chatham Co. There are no family data on file.

File No. W 8.538.

**Pullen, William, Polly or Mary.** Cert. No. 14.065; issued Aug. 19, 1819, Act of Mar. 18, 1818, at \$8.00 per mo. from June 15, 1818.

Application for Pension June 15, 1818. Age 58 or 60 yrs. Res. at date of App. Woodford Co., Ky. Res. at date of enlistment, Agency, Ky. Service Va. Rank Pri.

He entered the Rev. Army in Va. in 1778 for a term of 3 yrs. served under Capt. Thomas Pollard, Col. Thomas Marshall later served in Capt. Christopher Roane or Noane (not clear) 1st Regt. of Artillery Va. line—later was transferred to the Continental Establishment under Col. Porterfield was discharged in 1781 at Richmond, Va. by Capt. Roane.

He was in the battles of Gates Defeat and at the Siege of Yorktown.

June 15, 1818 (Woodford Co., Ky.) James Boothe served with William Pullen during the Rev. War etc.

Mar. 24, 1821—William Pullen aged 61 yrs. a resident of Fayette Co., Ky. refers to three children; Polly aged 28 yrs.; James aged 20 yrs.; Catherine aged 14 yrs.—William Pullen died Feb. 5, 1834.

File No. W 8.538.

**Pullen, William, Polly or Mary.** Cert. No. 2.308; issued April 9, 1839, Act of July 7, 1838, at \$80.00 per annum, from Mar. 4, 1836.

Application for Pension Jan. 8, 1839. Age 73 or 74 yrs. Res. at date of app. Woodford Co., Ky. Res. at date of enlistment Agency Ky. Service Va. Rank Pri.

Mary or Polly Pullen declares that she is the widow of William Pullen who was a Rev. Soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the Act of Congress passed Mar. 18, 1818.

She was married to William Pullen Jan. 2, the year after Cornwallis was taken in 1782 in Richmond Co., Va.

Jan. 24, 1839 Elizabeth Dale of Woodford Co., Ky. aged 70 yrs. and upwards,

she was born and reared in Richmond, Va. was acquainted with William Pullen a Rev. soldier and was present at his marriage—she was the Bridesmaid for said Polly Pullen, etc. (no maiden name stated). Their children:

1. Elizabeth, mar. James Wells
2. Ellen died in infancy
3. Spence died in infancy
4. Sally died in infancy
5. Polly now living and never married
6. Nelson now living in Missouri
7. Rebekah mar. Lewis Beasley
8. Henry living in Missouri.
9. James died since his father's death
10. Roadham died in infancy
11. Catherine mar. David Willson

She believes that Polly, James and Catherine were their only children who lived at home at the time her late husband became a pensioner, the Register of her marriage and the christening of several of her children were burnt in Farnham Church in Richmond Co., Va.

There are no further family data on file.

#### QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Queries must be submitted in duplicate, typed double-spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to two queries of not more than sixty words each. Add name and address on same line following query as given below.

All information available to us is published. Names and addresses of former querists are not on file so correspondence regarding the same should not be sent to this department.

Queries conforming to the above requirements will be published as soon as space is available.

#### QUERIES

**A-40. Mabry.**—Wanted, marriage record of Braxton Mabry, born 1750 in Brunswick County, Virginia. Children by marriage were Robert Smith Mabry, Polly Braxton Mabry and Jane Stanback Mabry. One child by second marriage named James.—Mrs. S. W. Gillespie, 16 W. Polk St., Charleston, Illinois.

**A-40. (a). Bolster.**—I would like to have the name of the father and mother of Chapin Bolster, who was born I think in Winhall, Vermont, and also his father's War Record. Chapin Bolster had four girls and four boys: Mary Elmina (my ancestor), Julia, Amy, Caliste, and Lyman, Joel, Alfred, Levi. I do not know whom Chapin Bolster married. He had a brother

Levi Bolster who had a very good business in Barre, Vermont. Would like to hear from Vermont Registrar.

**(b). Conley.**—Can anyone in New Hampshire furnish information about William Dobney Conley or his father? Were either of them in the Rev.? I think he was born in Keene, N. H.; he had a daughter Emily who married Joseph Burbee. Has anyone ever joined the D.A.R. on his record? Would like complete information and all dates.—Mrs. Wm. J. Haelson, 58 Homewood Ave., No. Providence, R. I.

**A-40. (a). Cates-Mount.**—Sarah Cates, daughter of William and wife (nee Inyard) of Orange Co., N. C. married 1813, Jefferson Co., Tenn. to John (Wilburn?) Mount. Sarah's brother, Charles Cates married McMillian. Who was father of William Cates? How was John Mount related to Humphrey Mount who died 1856, Danridge, Tenn.? What was kinship between John and William Mount, born 1815, mrd. Elizabeth Gulledge?

**(b). Logan-Todd.**—David and Jane (nee McKinley) Logan of Augusta Co., Va. had children; William, Mary, Benjamin, and Sarah (perhaps other children). Sarah Logan married Samuel Todd. Did Sarah (nee Logan) and Samuel Todd have daughter, Sarah Todd who married about 1753 to John Houston of Rockbridge Co., Va., son of John and Margaret (nee Cunningham) Houston from Ireland to Pa., 1735?—Mrs. Edward S. Atkinson, 1502 Stuart Ave., Houston, Texas.

**A-40. Dorsey-Lindsay.**—Wanted: marriage date and children of Anthony Lindsay and his wife Rachel Dorsey (b. 1737) daughter of Judge Nicholas Dorsey (1713-1780) and his wife Sarah Griffith (b. 1718) of Baltimore County, Maryland.—Mrs. Elma Ray Saul, The Kenesaw, Washington, D. C.

**A-40. (a). Kirk.**—Wanted ancestry of Benjamin Kirk living Maysville, Ky. about 1800. Daughter Sarah Isabella m. James Fyffe. Date of this marriage and children?

**(b). Fyffe.**—Wanted names of parents of James Fyffe, came from Md. with father to Ky. probably Louisville abt. 1800, later Lawrenceville, Ill. abt. 1826. Names of brothers and sisters, names of wives? Date

of his birth, death, marriages? Any other information.

**(c). Fyfe.**—Wanted names brothers of James and William Fyfe (Fife) from Scotland to Boston 1737, to Bolton, Mass. 1741. Also names of their wives and children, where children located and whom married.—Mrs. James Abels, Rt. 4, Box 34, Springfield, Illinois.

**A-40. (a). Steidley.**—Wanted ancestry, dates of Joseph B. Steidley, b. 3/15/1801 prob. Maryland, m. Elvira Rowland (dau. of Samuel), Frederick Co., Va. 12/13/1827. Moved to Xenia, Ohio abt. 1830, and Palmyra, Ill. 1836. Died 1/2/1861. Children: Daniel G., Mary Elizabeth, eleven others.

**(b). Rowland.**—Wanted ancestry Samuel Rowland, Frederick Co., Va. still living in 1870. Children—Charles, William, James, Leonard Gordon (b. 6/9/1812), Samuel, Eliza (m. Abe Evans), Elvira (m. Joseph B. Steidley), Emma (m. Chas. Coulter), Lucinda (m. John Hott). Want names of other children. Name, ancestry of wife, dates, place of marriage. Prob. both buried north of Winchester, Va.—Mrs. J. Ralph Tobin, 1621 Bates Avenue, Springfield, Illinois.

**A-40. (a). Dyer.**—Data on and ancestry of Ezra Dyer of Schaghticoke, N. Y. and wife Esther Tull. Was he or their fathers in Am. Rev.?

**(b). Swetland.**—Ancestry of Betsy (Elizabeth) Swetland b. June 24, 1801 Derby, Vt. m. Ezra Hinman 1826. Her mother was an Allen. She had a brother Ira, sisters Amanda, Roxy, and Juliet.

**(c). Griffin.**—Ancestry of Charity Griffin b. Oct. 7, 1753, died May 31, 1827, m. Cornelius Du Bois born 1750 died 1834.—Mrs. C. H. Dwelle, Northwood, Iowa.

**A-40. Walker-Monroe.**—Wanted ancestry of Serena Monroe, b. 1778, wife of Solomon Mitchell Walker. They belonged to church in (Conn.?). Married 1797, moved to Edgefield Co., S. C. Children: Elizabeth, b. 1798, m. Amos McCarty; James Monroe, b. 1799, Joel Thomas, b. 1801, Mildred, b. 1803, Hannah, b. 1805, Charity, b. 1807, Ann, b. 1809. Will and proof of her being his wife wanted.—Mrs. K. S. Fleming, 3203 Glenwood Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

**A-40. (a). Bryan.**—Wanted parents of Joseph Bryan and wife, Lois —. He may have had a wife Elizabeth who died 1778. He later lived in West Stockbridge, Mass. and removed to Monroe Co., N. Y., 1798.

**(b). Carr.**—Wanted names of parents of Jonathan Carr and his wife, Martha. Jonathan Carr served in War of 1812 from Clark Co., Indiana. Letters written by them 1831 and later indicate they had children: William, John, Andrew J., Jonathan, probably, Austin. Jonathan, Sr. had brother, John, in Ohio 1833. John married Sarah (Comer) Wilson 1827.

**(c). Ingram-Leatherman.**—Wanted ancestry and Revolutionary War service on either or both lines. Thomas Ingram married Polly (Mary) Leatherman, Shelby Co., Ky. 7-22-1811. She was daughter of Jacob. Children: John, Arthur, David, Christopher, Thomas, Peter, Henry, Jacob, Margaret, Elizabeth, Susan, Ann. Residence—Vermillion Co., Ind. & Coles Co., Ill.—Mrs. C. S. Welsh, 304 James Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

**A-40. (a). Adams-Ashcraft.**—Elisha Adams, born June 27, 1746, Canterbury, Conn., son of Jonathan and Desire (Ashcraft) Adams, left an orphan at ten years, went to live with his uncle Elisha Adams, a miller in Dutchess County, New York. He married there; had three sons, Elisha, Benjamin of Manlius and Iowa, Amos, of Cazenovia. Wanted—name of his wife and date of his death.

**(b).** Wanted—information of Elisha Adams<sup>7</sup> and descendants, son of Elisha<sup>6</sup> (of near Amenia, N. Y.—see (a)—of Jonathan<sup>5</sup> (and Desire Ashcraft Adams) of David,<sup>4</sup> Jonathan,<sup>3</sup> (Lieut.) Thomas,<sup>2</sup> Henry Adams<sup>1</sup> of Braintree. He might have gone to Conn. from Dutchess County, N. Y. after 1790. (Adams Genealogy confuses this Elisha's father with another Elisha and line not continued.)—Mrs. Ralph D. Adams, 51 West Court Street, Cortland, N. Y.

**A-40. (a). Swan.**—Henry Swan, born in Vermont, came to Wheeling, West Virginia, before birth of son Thomas Jefferson Swan in 1810. Wanted—birthplace, dates of birth, marriage and death of Henry Swan; also name of his wife, Sarah

—; also any other information about them or their ancestors.

**(b). Luce.**—David Luce married Elizabeth Carter in Nelson County, Kentucky, about 1795. From there moved to Muhlenburg County. Wanted—her parents' names, dates, birthplaces, ancestors, and any other information. Believe her father from New York; mother Virginia. Grandfather native of England; grandmother Ireland. Grandfather said to have been personal friend of George Washington.—Martel Swan, Grandview, Indiana.

**A-40. (a). Winn.**—Henchy or Hinchy Winn lived in Clarke Co., Ga., in 1818, according to Tax Books; known children were: Aleck; Jeanette; David Henchy; Maria Elizabeth; Charles; Frances, who married her cousin Asa Winn. Want any information concerning wife and ancestry of Henchy or Hinchy Winn.

**(b). Farmer-Hardin.**—George Farmer married Nancy Hardin in Virginia 5-1794. George's father was Elam Farmer who left Will in Chesterfield Co., Va. before 1812. Who was George's mother? Want parentage of Nancy Hardin. Mrs. Boyce M. Grier, 342 Dearing Street, Athens, Georgia.

**A-40. Rutherford-Miller.**—Wanted ancestors and parentage of Robert Rutherford who married Mary Miller, in Anderson District, S. C. in 1817—came to Alabama about 1823, went back to Pendleton S. C. 1824, for birth of her son, John Johnson Rutherford. Robert had two brothers, Joseph and Mose, one sister Agnes who married a Carwyle, moved to Miss. Mose lived and died in Alabama, Joseph went to Tenn.

**McWilliams-Melton.**—Wanted any information of father and mother of Miles Levy McWilliams who married Eleanor Elizabeth Melton in Orangeburg District S. C. in 1829, later moved to Alabama.—Mrs. S. J. Ervin, Sr., Camden, Ala.

**A-40. (a). Brooks.**—Military and civil record in Revolutionary war, of Wakeman Brooks of Haddam, Conn., son of Capt. Joseph Brooks. Wakeman Brooks married Mary Wakley. Would like names of her parents and grandparents.

**(b). Severns.**—Full names of parents and grandparents, and any other informa-

tion concerning Daniel and Benjamin Severns (Seaverns or Severance), twins born in vicinity of Deerfield, Mass., about 1779 or 1780. Mother married, 1783, Henry Wilkie, who in 1790 was living in Hatfield, Mass., with six persons in his family under sixteen years of age.

(e). **Upham.**—Information about the Rev. Edward Upham of West Springfield, Mass., and Newport, R. I. He was a founder of Brown University and a fellow there for 25 years. Died at West Springfield Oct. 5, 1797, at the age of eighty-six. What part did he take in the Revolution, either military or civil. Mrs. Frank W. Severne, 415 N. Madison Ave., Watkins Glen, New York.

**A-40. Rhodes-Boone.** — Samuel Rhodes, b. 9-18-1701, at Newport, R. I., m. Sarah Boone, 1724 at North Kingstown, R. I. Can anyone name their children? Was one of their children Walter G. Rhodes, b. May 19, 1738, m. Mary Hill at North Kingstown, R. I., July 26, 1758, died Berlin, N. Y. 1813?—Mrs. Adeline R. Crouse, 1146 Academy Street, Watertown, N. Y.

**A-40. (a). Woodruff.**—Wanted the names of parents of Charles Woodruff. He moved to New Albany, Indiana about 1825. He married (1) Anne Plume, (2) — Childs, (3) Ruth Collins.

**(b). Woodruff.**—Wanted the names of parents of William Woodruff, married about 1750, Jane Arnot of Elizabeth, N. J.—Mrs. H. H. Stockton, 20 Bayard Lane, Princeton, N. J.

**A-40. Walker-Mitchell.** — Solomon Walker and Martha Mitchell, m. 1774—in church records Aug. 8, 1779 at Oxford, Granville Co., N. C. List of their children wanted. Their oldest son, Solomon Mitchell Walker, b. 1776 married Serena Monroe Frances Briggs, Oak Grove, Louisiana.

**A-40. Knepper.**—Information wanted concerning Hanspater Knepper and his sons: Hanspater II, Jacob, Christian and Abraham. He was born in Austria, came to America with his parents in 1689 and settled somewhere in eastern Pennsylvania.—Mrs. W. Weniger, 1010 North 29th st., Corvallis, Ore.

**A-40. Berry-Kephart.** — Wanted information and ancestors of John Henry

Berry, born June 17, 1773 (1776?) near Hagerstown, Maryland. He was married in 1815 in Rockingham County, Virginia, to Anna Kephart. He died November 27, 1839 at Staunton, Virginia. He was a soldier in war of 1812. Their children were: David, Henry, James and William. Also wanted ancestors of Anna Kephart.—Mrs. Jean P. Gerlough, Shelby, Montana. Mrs. Jean P. Gerlough, Shelby, Montana.

**A-40. Cooper.**—Edward, who were his parents and where did he come from? Married in Boston, Mass., (1) Abigail Berry, born 1687, grave stone in Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Boston, "Abigail Cooper, wife of Edward Cooper, died Mar. 11, 1718, in the 31st. year of her age. (2) Elizabeth Mather, dau. of Rev. Cotton Mather. (3) Mary (Southack) Fifield, Apr. 24, 1729, Boston, Mass.—Mary Pelham Hill, 10 Elm Street, Topsham, Maine.

**A-40. Bill.**—Jonathan Bill, b. Lebanon, Ct., Feb. 6, 1725/6, son of John and Mary; m. Lebanon, Aug. 1, 1849, Esther-4 Owen (Joshua-3, Joseph-2, John-1); their first ch., Mary Bill, b. May 6, 1750, Lebanon; Where was this family from 1750 until they settled in Tynmouth, Vt., about 1778? Owen relatives were meantime in Salisbury, Ct., and Sheffield, Mass.

Wanted, Jonathan Bill's Revolutionary service, and the births of all his ch. Jonathan, Jr., b. about 1756, served from Mass., enlisting at Pittsfield.—Mrs. C. P. Hazen, 10 Reed Street, Springfield, Vermont.

**A-40. Cobbs.**—Information concerning Thomas Cobbs, born May 16, 1784 in Buckingham Co., Va., was soldier in war of 1812 and various Indian wars. Emigrated to Missouri in 1824, married Sarah See, had 10 children, died Dec. 8, 1869, buried near Shelbina, Mo. Who were his ancestors? Were they in the Revolutionary War?—Mrs. James L. Barngrove, 6110 Waterman Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

**A-40. Phillips-Hardy.**—Wanted ancestry and parentage of Charles Phillips born in North Carolina about 1772, d. Owsley County, Kentucky 1849. Also desire parentage of his wife Jemima Hardy, b. North Carolina 1775. Children: Mason, Hardy, Abraham, Asa, Mahulda, Bright, Elizabeth, Clarissa, Pierson. — Hazel Spencer Phillips, Springboro, Ohio.

# HERALDRY

JEAN STEPHENSON • *Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley*

## When both husband and wife bore arms

THE present usage of arms by married women is somewhat different than in former times, due to the increased recognition of a woman's status as an individual apart from her husband, and to the prevalence of divorce. However, our interest in heraldry is genealogical and therefore we are concerned only with the usage between 1150 and 1776.

During this period, it must be remembered, the identity of a married woman was merged with that of her husband. The articles of wearing apparel and housefurnishings normally marked with armorial insignia were her husband's, not hers, and therefore were marked with his arms. This accounts for the fact that while no woman could use crest, helmet or mantelling, these components of a complete achievement are often shown on articles such as silverware used exclusively by women; while the wife might actually use the article, it was considered as her husband's and bore his arms. If the marking was in accordance with correct procedure, however, that fact in itself would indicate that the woman using the article was the wife of the man whose arms were shown on it. If she was a daughter or widow, the arms would be in a lozenge.

Almost the only time arms were shown as the wife's alone was in indicating her death, such as on her tombstone, or on a funeral hatchment. The subject of hatchments, however, is too long to be discussed now.

Therefore, a discussion of the display of arms by a married woman is actually a discussion of the display of arms by a married man! The general principles followed were given last month, in discussing arms to which widows were entitled.

A woman whose father was not entitled to a coat of arms could acquire one by marrying a man who had one.

A woman whose father had a coat of arms might marry a man who had one, and her husband decide not to use his father-in-law's arms in any way; in such case he continued to use his own, and his wife therefore also would use only his arms. But if he wished to do so, and she had brothers, the husband could combine the wife's father's arms with his. In the earliest period of heraldry this was done in various ways. Sometimes he put the outstanding charges of her father's arms

on his own; but as this made an entirely new coat of arms, the practice was early discontinued. Sometimes each shield was cut in half, vertically, and then the two halves put together; but as this frequently led to peculiar combinations and both arms lost their identity, this also was early discontinued. Sometimes the shields were placed side by side. Then they were surrounded by a common border; this practice finally led to the established rule, known as "impaling". The husband's arms are shown on the dexter half of the shield, and the wife's father's arms on the sinister half. The crest used is, of course, that of the husband's family. The mantelling is of the colors of the husband's arms.

On the Continent frequently, and now and then in the British Isles, especially during the eighteenth century, will be found cases where the wife's father's crest is shown placed above the sinister side of the shield, while the husband's crest is shown above the dexter side. This was not "good usage," but when found it does help more definitely to identify the arms, and therefore the lapse is a cause of rejoicing to genealogists!

While impaling was and is the proper manner for a husband to show he married a woman whose father bore arms, there was no requirement that he should show it, and impaled arms are used in only a fraction of the cases of marriages between armigerous families.

As explained last month, a man who married a heraldic heiress did not impale her father's arms but bore them on an escutcheon of pretence. He used his own crest and the mantelling was of the colors of his own arms. As late as 1600 it was a quite common practice, in such cases, to use the two shields, side by side, with a border around this, or otherwise connected in some ornamental manner.

Therefore, it should be remembered in trying to interpret armorial insignia as an aid to genealogical research, that a coat of arms bearing an escutcheon of pretence and impaled arms both had definite significance, but that many other forms of combinations and display of arms are to be found and great care is to be used in drawing conclusions from them.

## Kempe



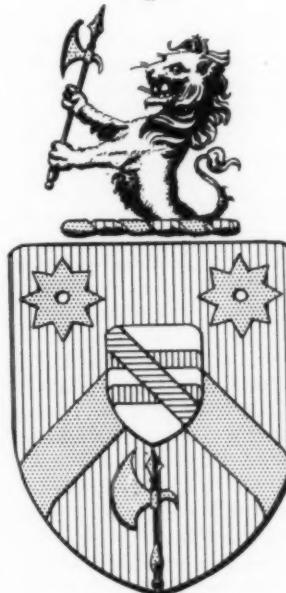
## Arms

Gules, three garbs within a bordure engrailed or; impaling argent, a chevron sable between three mullets gules.

## Crest

On a garb or a pelican vulning herself proper.

## Sym



## Arms

Gules, a chevron between two spur rowels in chief and a halberd in base or; on an escutcheon of pretence: Argent, two bars gules, over all a bend azure.

## Crest

A demilion rampant proper, holding between the paws a battle axe or.

**T**HREE are some twenty variations or "differences" of the arms borne by families named Kemp and Kempe in Norfolk, Middlesex, Sussex and other counties in the south and east of England.

Of one of these families was Richard Kempe, Secretary of the Virginia Company. Several of this family came to America at an early day, one being a brother of the Secretary, Edmund Kempe, whose son Richard married Eleanor Willis.

The arms shown are those of Kempe impaling Willis. The crest is, of course, that of Kempe. If the wife were to use it alone, the crest would, of course, be omitted.

There were other Kemp, Kempe and Kempt families who had entirely different arms, and to add to the difficulties, several of them lived in Essex and other southern and eastern counties of England, and in several cases descendants came to America during Colonial days.

**T**HE arms shown are those of Sym, Symes, or Sims, impaling Martindale. They were borne by Thomas Sym of Newton, Co. Cumberland, England, who married Anne, daughter and heiress of Nicholas Martindale of Holme Colthram, Co. Cumberland. All descendants of this couple are entitled to the quartered arms of Syms and Martindale. Their son, Thomas Sym, born 1589, married another heiress, whose paternal arms were already quartered, and their descendants have thus a most elaborate quartered coat of arms. A descendant, John Simm, came to America in 1793, where the spelling was changed to Sims, and was the ancestor of the late Admiral William Snowden Sims, U.S.N. Many descendants of this family live in Pennsylvania and neighboring states.

There were numerous other Sym and Sims families, with variations of this and with entirely different arms.

## COLORS USED IN DESCRIBING ARMS

## Heraldic language

Or	Argent	Sable	Gules	Azure	Vert
(ENGLISH)					
Steel	Gold	Silver	Black	Red	Blue
					Green

# NEWS ITEMS

## *Dedication of Markers*

The **Ezra Parker Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Royal Oak, Michigan, recently honored a daughter of a Revolutionary soldier by marking her grave. She was Hannah Wentworth Chase, who was born November 11, 1765, the daughter of James and Letitia Tilden Wentworth. Three of her six brothers fought with her father in the Battle of Bennington. She married Joseph Chase, moving first to New York and then into Michigan, where she died.

A bronze marker on a native stone boulder was recently dedicated by the **Concordia Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Concordia, Kansas, commemorating the first settlement in Cloud County. The tablet bears the following inscription:

1860  
ELM CREEK SETTLEMENT  
SITE OF THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL IN  
CLOUD COUNTY  
PLACED BY CONCORDIA CHAPTER  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION  
1939

The dedication address was made by Mr. M. V. B. Van De Mark, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. The presiding officer was Mrs. O. S. Gleason, Regent of the Concordia Chapter.

Acting to perpetuate another memory of the early Indian campaigns of the United States Army through the northwest, members of the **Sheridan Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Sheridan, Wyoming, recently dedicated a monument to General George Crook, who was the leader of a detachment which sixty-three years ago camped at the junction of the Big and Little Goose Creeks, on the present site of the city of Sheridan.

Mrs. Maurice Wilcox, Regent of the Chapter, presented the monument to the city and Mayor Robert Orr accepted it. A delegation of Crow Indians was present at the ceremonies.

The marker is a huge boulder brought from the mountains, on which is the bronze plaque bearing the following inscription:

Dedicated to the memory of General  
George Crook, his gallant soldiers and

scouts, who, in June 1876, camped in the valley of the Goose Creeks, on the present site of Sheridan, while waiting for their Crow and Shoshoni Allies

The story of the expedition was prepared by Mrs. D. E. Gwinn and presented during the dedication ceremonies.

**Philip Allen Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Darien, Wisconsin, recently honored the memory of Philip Allen, one of the three Revolutionary soldiers buried in Wisconsin whose graves were unmarked, by placing a bronze tablet on his grave at Allen Grove, Wisconsin. The chapter regent, Mrs. Kate Matteson, gave the dedication address, and two great-great-great-grandsons, Allen Zweig and Robert Gtanger, unveiled the tablet.

Prior to the dedication, a memorial service was held in the Methodist Church at Allen Grove. Mrs. Matteson arranged the program, and the address was made by Mr. Jerome Loomis, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

In the month of December 1765 and January 1766, the records of the Town of Chatham, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, show that sixty-one persons were afflicted with the then dreaded disease of smallpox, and so far as can be determined only about twenty-four recovered. During the period of Rev. Stephen Emery's ministry, many descendants of Ralph Smith (who came from Hingham, England, in 1633 and settled in Hingham, Mass., afterwards migrating to Eastham), moved from Chatham to Nova Scotia. Others remained in Chatham and during the epidemic of smallpox above mentioned several perished and were buried in a small plot. In 1937 the Association of Descendants of Ralph Smith was organized in the home of Miss Georgia M. Clark, Centerville, Cape Cod, Regent of **Bunker Hill Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Boston, Massachusetts, and almost at once a movement was started to renovate and fence in the little spot of ground containing the remains of those who were the direct ancestors of many of the members of the new

organization. An appropriation was made which paid for the work of raising the stones, leveling the ground, cutting away the underbrush and putting in a strong iron rail fence set in a solid foundation of cement about the lot. This is in a historical spot, being near where the first settlement of Chatham worshipped God. It lies back of Great Hill, which was the first land sighted by the Pilgrims in 1620, and which was reported at one time as being occupied by the Indians as a lookout. The section where the cemetery lies was a place of retreat when the Indians were pursued by the white men. During the time of the epidemic, Dr. Samuel Lord, who no doubt attended the Smith family, became exposed to the disease and died. His remains were buried alongside of Training Hill Road very near the old Smith burial lot. Later, Mr. Thomas Freeman, who lived at the head of Pleasant Bay and was more or less skilled in medicine, rendered medical service to those with the disease, and he, too, contracted the infection and passed away. The scourge was not brought under control until February 1766.

Those who are buried in the Smith lot are as follows:

January 6, 1766, Mercie, wife of Joseph Doane, Jr., a neighbor  
 January 13, 1766, Deacon Stephen Smith  
 January 16, 1766, Stephen Ryder, a neighbor  
 January 16, 1766, Bathsheba, wife of Deacon Stephen Smith  
 January 18, 1766 Bathsheba, daughter of Deacon Stephen Smith  
 February 6, 1766, Betty, daughter of Deacon Stephen Smith.

As these people were buried at night without benefit of religious services, on account of the horrible disease from which they died, a service of appropriate psalms and prayers was used from the Ritual of the Daughters of the American Revolution by Miss Clark, Regent of the **Bunker Hill Chapter**, and the place was recently dedicated to the honor and memory of those whose mortal remains were enfolded therein. Later there will be placed a D. A. R. bronze marker for this historic spot.

### Anniversary Celebrations

As its Jubilee Project, commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the National Society, **Saugerties Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Saugerties, New York, unveiled a bronze tablet on Trinity Episcopal Church, Barclay Heights, New York, in honor of Henry Barclay, Founder of the Church and pioneer industrialist of Saugerties. The inscription reads: "Henry Barclay, 1778-1851. A beloved Christian gentleman for whom Barclay Heights was named. He founded this Church and Sunday school; cut the raceway, built the dam and established extensive mills upon the Esopus Creek. The site of his former home 'Ury' is directly east upon the bank of the Hudson River. Placed by Saugerties Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution."

The dedication and presentation to the Trustees of the Parish was made by Mrs. William F. Russell, Regent, and Mr. John T. Washburn, Vestryman, accepted the tablet which was unveiled by the Chapter Historian, Mrs. John T. Washburn. Mrs. Stanley Thorpe Manlove, State Vice-Regent, was the guest of honor. An historical sketch of Henry Barclay was given by Mrs. Lila James Roney.

The **Bland Ballard Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Henry County, Kentucky, has erected a marker commemorating the settlement of the Low Dutch Company in Henry County in 1786 as its Golden Jubilee Project. About seven hundred people attended the unveiling ceremonies and two girls in Dutch costumes—direct descendants of the original thirty-four families—unveiled the marker.

The **Chicago Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Chicago, Illinois, recently honored the memory of Miss Frances E. Willard, a charter member of the National Society and co-founder of the Chicago Chapter, by placing a bronze marker and holding a centenary memorial service at her grave in Rosehill Cemetery. A wreath was placed on her grave by the **Fort Dearborn Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Evanston, Illinois, of which Miss Willard later became a member.

**The Boston Tea Party Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Boston, Massachusetts, recently honored the Registrar General, Mrs. Frank L. Nason, and the state officers with a luncheon. Each year, the December meeting of this chapter commemorates the famous Boston Tea Party, and this year the celebration took on a special "high note" by having such distinguished guests present. Each guest received a souvenir package of tea.

**The Nevada State Society, Daughters of the American Revolution**, entered an historical float in Nevada's Diamond Jubilee Parade, celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of its admission to the union. The prize-winning float was an authentic model of Fort Churchill, as it appeared in 1864, and designed from an old photograph in the possession of the Nevada Sagebrush Chapter. This particular subject was chosen, not only for its historical value, but because Fort Churchill has long been a project of the Society. As far back as 1925, the Nevada Daughters were working on a plan whereby they could become custodians of the Fort. It was not until 1931 that the transfer of property was made. The next move was the restoration of the ruins of the Fort. Since the Fort must be state property in order to receive Government aid in this restoration work, the property was deeded back to the state to be included in the state park system. In March, 1935, the work of preservation began.

The old adobe ruins, impressive in their loneliness, began to see activity again. One building has been restored for use as a museum and the ruins have been treated for preservation. It is hoped that a caretaker can be employed permanently so that valuable historical articles may be on display always.

**Members of the Robert Cooke Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Nashville, Tennessee, recently held a Silver Tea.

Each member was asked to wear something old—either jewelry or costumes—and to bring their interesting antiques for display.

The rare old necklaces, earrings, bracelets, shawls and fans were lovely.

Mrs. Anna Toon Sloan's home was an ideal setting for the tea party, which was given by her daughter, Miss Emma Sloan, and members of the Chapter, with its Doctor's Press of a revolutionary ancestor filled with valuable documents and old books, its corner cupboard and Jackson Press with a collection of china—pitchers, colonial teapots, silverware, its handspun and woven coverlets.

What a thrill to share the treasured antiques of our early American ancestors, to which there is so much sentiment attached, with our friends.

Prospective members and Daughters of American Revolution Chapters of Davidson County were invited.

A delicious tea and refreshments completed the afternoon.

In the University Club Rooms at Iowa Memorial Union, a group of forty-four from Iowa City and adjacent towns—descendants of soldiers of the American Revolution—recently met for the formal organization of the **Nathaniel Fellows Chapter, N.S.D.A.R.**

The luncheon table was beautiful in its appointments, taking the form of a letter "I", with a huge lighted candle—eighteen inches in height—flanked by baskets of white chrysanthemums and blue iris for the centerpiece. The D. A. R. flag and large silver trays heaped high with colorful, seasonable fruit, completed the ensemble.

A large American flag added grace to the setting, and many rare antiques were in evidence. The emblem of the Society done in fillet on a blue background, suitably framed and on the wall, added interest. The placecards were miniature fire-crackers designed and made by Mrs. Leland Hurd, a charter member.

Mrs. W. F. Boiler, the Organizing Regent, presided at the meeting, and Mrs. Sarah Paine Hoffman, the Organizing Genealogist, assisted in the ancestral roll call and gave a most interesting history of the family whose name the chapter perpetuates.

# BOOK REVIEWS



## Charles' Gift. Hulbert Footner. Harper & Brother, New York. \$3.00.

"Charles' Gift" is a "plain old house of whitewashed brick" which stands at the end of a road in Maryland. The house was built in 1650—though the author has made various additions, separate and distinct from the original dwelling. The book which he calls a "salute to a Maryland house," is one of those slow-moving chatty accounts, which Englishmen have been far more prone to write than have Americans.

The history of Charles' Gift is closely intertwined with Maryland's colonial beginnings, and the writer has wandered freely among the source material which concerns his own property as well as that of the Tidewater section in Maryland.

But the book is not concerned merely with history; it discusses the landscape and the natives, the flora and fauna in their respective seasons, together with fishing and food and other kindred subjects. You will chance upon the family's ducks, discover the trace of an ancient graveyard, watch the inevitable night-blooming cereus, hear cardinals and mocking birds.

If you are intrigued with old houses, with the idea of reclaiming and perpetuating them, and with providing at the same time the proper setting therefor, you will be friends at once with Charles' Gift, "ancient in years and beauty."

If you feel no particular urge toward the subject, it is just possible that the two-score pictures provided at the very beginning of the book will prove sufficient lure.

It is certain that you will know a great deal about the house when you have finished the last page. You will feel well acquainted, too, with the author and his family, and may be tempted to drive over and continue the acquaintance, particularly when the pear

tree is in bloom and suitably framed by the stairway window.

Not only is the book a history of the house and its former occupants so far as these can be ascertained; it is a biography of the present owner. With little regard to time limitations the tale trails in and out the centuries, but after all one must remember that Charles' Gift is in Maryland. And as someone has said, "Maryland is neither north nor south, just casual-like." So is Hulbert Footner's book—"casual-like" and friendly too!

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

## More People. Edgar Lee Masters. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York. \$2.50.

The cover of this volume bears the words "By the author of 'Spoon River Anthology,' 'The New Spoon River,' 'Domesday Book,'" etc. It almost seems as though the publishers felt it necessary to identify the writer thus, lest the reader fail to realize his identity. Such a feeling on their part would not be strange. There are verses in this last collection of Masters, which might be considered good verse if written by a new and unknown poet, yet even these would receive no great attention from the critics. There are verses in this last collection meriting but the single word "trash."

The strength of "Spoon River" which ranked, according to Untermeyer, as one of the landmarks of American literature, lay in the fact that it typified the mid-West, and held universal implications. It was, according to the same critic "stark, unflinching, unforgettable."

In the present book all these qualities are lost. There is to be found here the cheapness of petty rhymes, which even resort to the use of obsolete or poetic words, such as

"wooded dells" and "prairie bells"; "he rode" and "he abode." There are many inversions. Some of the verses are no better than jingles.

When one reads "Spoon River" one has a sense of watching a skilled surgeon probing with certain, unfaltering fingers. That skill has been lost in the present volume, but we still honor the memory of what that surgeon has already accomplished.

True, in the present volume the careful reader may find here and there selections which still show Masters, if not at his best, not too far below that standard. Such are the poems "Confucius and Tsze-Lu," "Peter Van Zuylen," and "Land's End."

Perhaps the book may be summed up in a single verse from "Song in Late August."

He to whom the people bowed,  
Talking where the fiddlers played,  
Now has nothing but the cloud,  
And a single pine tree's shade.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

**Hoof-Beaten Trails.** Harriet E. Doud.  
Privately printed by the Vail-Ballou  
Press, Binghamton, N. Y. \$1.75.

The agelessness of wit and satire is brought strongly to mind in reading this charming little book printed from a manuscript written forty years ago. The style seems stilted and slightly sanctimonious, if judged by the quality of present-day literature—but "Hoof-Beaten Trails" should be neither judged nor classified; it should be enjoyed for what it is.

In a foreword, a member of Mrs. Doud's family explains that it is "offered as a slender link in the lengthening chain of memories connecting the living present with the recent, and with the more remote, past." Mrs. Doud's father lived among settlers who followed the trail of the ox-team into the new Northwest Territory, and her story traces the development of a community on the banks of the Maumee River.

Her character delineation is deliciously satirical, and many passages of description make excellent reading aloud. The prophecy concerning social evolution and industrial progress in the latter part of the book is remarkable in its timeliness.

RUTH ROBINSON COOLEY.

**Alexander Hamilton: Portrait of a Prodigy.** David Loth. Carrick and Evans, Inc., New York. \$3.00.

David Loth's presentation of "Alexander Hamilton" in this biography is a shrewd appraisal of Hamilton's services to the United States between 1780 and 1800, and of how the measures inaugurated by the first Secretary of the Treasury shaped the growth of this country's financial system. Although the author calls his book a "portrait," anyone expecting to find it devoted to the portrayal of Hamilton will be disappointed; it is far more tapestry than portrait. As much space is devoted to Hamilton's contemporaries and to the events of this period as one frequently finds in a biography twice this size. In fact, Mr. Loth has written a concise, compressed financial history of our first decade.

After giving due credit to Hamilton's financial genius, the author points out a fact that some writers have missed: a large proportion of the dissension and wrangling that marked the Constitutional Convention and the early days of Continental Congress was due to the firm support of states' rights, every prominent man trying to gain advantages for his own state. Hamilton approached the problems of the new government with an outsider's point of view; no state claimed him as a son and no state must be served by him. Consequently he was better able to establish his ideal of a strong central system of finances.

Albert Gallatin, Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, wrote: "All Secretaries of the Treasury since the first, enjoyed a sinecure, the genius and labors of Hamilton having created and arranged everything that was requisite and necessary for the successful operation of the department." Again, said Gallatin, "A government is organized, once and for all, and until that of the United States fairly goes to pieces, no man can do more than alter the work accomplished by Hamilton." Mr. Loth could have paid Hamilton no greater tribute than this. He adds, in closing, "His work lived in the practical everyday affairs of men. . . . He was building a nation for them all, and for their children's children, too."

RUTH ROBINSON COOLEY.

# COMMITTEE REPORTS

## Student Loan Fund Day

CHAPTERS all over the country have designated their January meeting as Student Loan Fund Day. This not only honors Benjamin Franklin, America's great benefactor who was born in January and who established the first Student Loan Fund, but it also gives publicity to that fine work, inaugurated by him, that has reached such heights on the program of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Before Student Loans became a National project, the State Organization of Georgia recognized the opportunity for patriotic service through such a channel and established what is now called the May Erwin Talmadge Student Loan Fund, as an honorarium to their Honorary State Regent and past Recording Secretary General. The first loan went to one of the first co-eds to enter the University of Georgia, after it became coeducational, in 1917. Mrs. James I. Garrard, present Chairman of that Fund, has written interesting accounts of some of their twenty-odd graduates. One young girl, who had had many honors bestowed upon her at the University and was voted one of the most outstanding members of the graduating class in 1938, recently said: "I am happier than I have ever been in all my life. I have a job as councilor in one of the campus houses at Northwestern University. I was awarded one of the three fellowships given by the Northwestern University this year. The May Erwin Talmadge Student Loan Fund made all this possible for me and to the Daughters of the American Revolution I shall be forever grateful." Another enthusiastic graduate, returning from abroad this summer wrote Mrs. Garrard: "Wherever our trail led—in Scottish castles, English museums, government buildings, cathedrals, concert halls, opera houses or art galleries, I always found that the background gained through years of study gave me a greater, more lasting joy in living. I am only one of many who has benefited from your loans and again I express deep appreciation of what your aid has meant to me." Numerous Student Loan Funds have been established

in Georgia throughout the years, totalling \$50,000.00 that have assisted two hundred and fifty boys and girls in their education in that one State.

From another section of the country has come an interesting story of a California girl, written by Mrs. Frederick C. Ebert, Vice-Chairman. "The work done with students in normal physical condition is well worth while, but reaches its highest point in aiding those laboring under physical handicaps. Some time ago a California chapter became interested in a girl who was a junior in State College, training for social service work in the medical field. She was a remarkably intelligent and successful student, but her arms and hands were partially paralyzed from an attack of poliomyelitis, making it impossible for her to do anything but light work. In spite of this handicap she was able to earn most of her expenses, except for a small loan from the Student Loan Fund. Upon graduation she was one of a small group accepted by the State University from a large number of applicants for their graduate Social Service School. Another loan from the Fund helped her to complete this year of specialized work, gaining professional standing in her chosen field, where she has found a position."

Such achievements as these are a stimulating influence for broadening the scope of the national educational Fund, exceeding \$360,000.00, through which loans have been granted to 3,500 boys and girls. United together by a common program in the month of January, chapters are anticipating renewed interest and substantial financial gain for the Student Loan Fund that greater service may be rendered.

CLAUDINE HUTTER,  
*National Chairman.*

## Motion Pictures

THE following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

Audience classifications are as follows: "Adults," 18 years and up; "Young People," 15 to 18 years; "Family," all ages; "Junior Matinee," suitable for a special children's showing.

**THE BLUEBIRD** (20th Century-Fox)

Shirley Temple, Spring Byington, Nigel Bruce, Gale Sondergaard.

Maeterlinck's play, with its setting in a village of the Tyrol in 1809, has been somewhat changed in form but not in spirit. The opening scenes are in black and white and the dream sequence, in which the fairy "Berylune" comes to the peasant children, Mytyl and Tytyl, and leads them on their search for the Bluebird of Happiness, is effectively done in color. Family.

**THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT** (Paramount)

Allan Jones, Mary Martin, Walter Connolly.

The early years of the twentieth century furnish the period background for a story introducing the well known American composer and some thirty or more of his songs in which the music of Mr. Herbert has a definite influence on the lives of two young people. It is told in fadback and the singing roles of the young people are effectively taken by Allan Jones and Mary Martin. Walter Connolly is delightful in the part of Victor Herbert. One of the fine musicals of the year. Adults and young people.

**GULLIVER'S TRAVELS** (Paramount)

A charming fantasy in Technicolor made by Max Fleischer and his staff of artists. The story is the familiar classic of Lemuel Gulliver, an English sailor adventurer, who in 1699 is shipwrecked during a furious gale. Battered by stormy seas and finally tossed onto the shore of an uncharted island, the exhausted survivor falls into a deep sleep and is discovered by the tiny people of Lilliput whose kingdom he has entered. A cartoon tale for old and young. Family.

**THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**  
(RKO Radio)

Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Hampden, Thomas Mitchell.

Victor Hugo's great novel of fifteenth century France and its famous Cathedral was once made as a silent film with Lon Chaney playing the role now interpreted by Charles Laughton, and was one of the notable pictures of its period. The powerful story tells of the devotion of a despised dwarf for his masters and his subsequent revolt following their persecution of a lovely gypsy girl. An important picture and one not to be missed. Adults and young people.

**REBECCA** (Selznick-United Artists)

Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine, Judith Anderson, Nigel Bruce.

Daphne Du Maurier's best seller both in England and the United States comes to the screen with all the chilling suspense and mysterious romantic interest of the widely read novel. The dramatic values are strong and the English Tudor estate which was the inspiration for the colorful background of the story has been reproduced in careful detail. Adults.

**SWANEE RIVER** (20th Century-Fox)

Don Ameche, Andrea Leeds, Al Jolson, Hall Johnson Choir.

A delightful musical filmed in Technicolor and based on the life of Stephen Foster. The story treats not only of various phases of the life of the composer but also of the development of the minstrel show business. Such favorites as "Oh Susanna," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" are heard, and the perfection of the singing of the Hall Johnson Choir adds greatly to the enjoyment of a notable film. Family.

**Shorts**

**A DOG IS BORN** (Paramount)

The individual careers of a family of German shepherd (police) dogs is delightfully pictured. One becomes a film star, one a "Seeing Eye" companion, one a child's playmate and still another a champion in a prize ring. Interesting and recommended for all ages. Family.

**MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR** (Paramount)

Another excellent film in the series of symphonic arrangements played by the National Philharmonic Orchestra of the United States under the baton of Frederick Fehér. The musicians give an effective performance of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture and the close-ups of the conductor and the various groups of instruments are most interesting. Recommended for schools. Family.

**OLD HICKORY** (Vitaphone)

A two reel historical picture based on important events in the life of Andrew Jackson with particular emphasis on the Battle of New Orleans in 1815. The character of "Old Hickory" is well portrayed by Hugh Sothern and the material is highly informative. It will be of particular interest to schools and libraries. Family.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY,

*National Chairman.*



## Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

TO the New Year we come, with resolutions to make it the best year ever. Our hearts are full, and our hopes are high. The dark shadows that pass across the European continent show us the darkness in the lives of boys and girls over there. But there cannot be shadows unless there is sunshine, and so to the American boy and girl we look, and we see him and her in all their fineness as they go forth in the sunshine of the American Way of Life, full of promise for the future, building their lives on the foundation of good citizenship which this democracy of the United States of America offers them.

Junior American Citizens, in every state in the Union! We seek to show you the way, that we may prove to you our heritage. We resolve this New Year to give more time to you and your problems, to help you to find yourselves in the scheme of things, and to build with you and for you a firm foundation. Junior American Citizens, we, the Daughters of the American Revolution, will fail not our heritage, but will carry on what was left to us by building a greater memorial than ever before—that which we do for you. We firmly resolve that your lives shall be finer because of us, that your hopes be brighter because of what we can do for you, for we know that every effort we put forth in your behalf will be repaid to our country one hundredfold, because you, the future men and women, will lead this democracy, and will keep it the finest in the world.

The National Chairman of the Junior American Citizens appeals to every Daughter of the American Revolution as this New Year opens, to search her own heart, and ask herself if she IS building for the future of these United States of America. What she does for the Junior American Citizens,

she is doing for the best interests of her country. So may she earnestly seek to further the interests in the club work, knowing that from Junior Citizenship comes the hope of the future.

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,  
*National Chairman.*

## Advancement of American Music

### *Across the U. S. A. with Our Composers*

MUSIC selected from the pen of those many composers born in the states suggested for January, February and March (see Magazine, September, 1939) could easily make up several programs of great variety and worth. The musical media of expression are very broad and include large choral works, orchestral compositions, excellent American arrangements of European classics, delightful numbers for solo instruments and literally hundreds of lovely songs.

The month of January, which offers an opportunity to make use of music written by composers born in Mississippi, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, seems to be especially favored with song writers. From Illinois is Mary Turner Salter and Frank La Forge. Ohio composers of songs include two Cincinnati women, Louise Snodgrass and Ethel Glenn Hier; also Charles Haubiel, a native of Delta, now of New York; and Oley Speaks of Canal Winchester. Many songs of the last named composer have been transcribed for instruments. "Love of Yesteryear" as arranged by A. Walter Kramer makes a delightful violin number and "Sylvia" has even become a solo for cornet and piano. Of the song composers native to Kentucky, one might mention Oscar Rasbach, whose song "Mountains" closes with an adequate musical interpretation of the inspiring lines:

"God give me mountains  
And strength to climb up."

From Indiana comes Joseph Waddell Clokey, Dean of the School of Fine Arts, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He is known from coast to coast because of his several years' residence in California and the New York and Boston publishers of his many compositions.

There are several composers of instrumental numbers who are native to the states suggested for January. John Alden Carpenter of Illinois has composed a Polonaise for piano with the additional title of "Americaine." Another contribution for piano comes from Mississippi in the form of an arrangement of an Adagio originally composed for orchestra by Chalmers Clifton, a native of that state. David Stanley Smith, Dean of the Yale School of Music, has given the music world many compositions for stringed instruments, the String Quartet, Op. 19, being widely known.

From the states suggested for February (Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota), we find several composers writing most acceptably for a mixed chorus. Among these might be mentioned the name of Clarence Loomis of South Dakota whose Choral Cycle "Erin" is most effective; also Samuel Richard Gaines of Michigan whose choruses are enjoyed by many. From Wisconsin comes Edwin John Stringham whose cantata "Pilgrim Fathers" is well known, and Peter C. Lutkin whose descants to church hymns add glory to any congregational singing. Wisconsin also has the good fortune of being able to claim the Dean of American composers as a native son. He of course is Edgar Stillman Kelley.

Dr. Kelley's compositions show him to be very versatile. Their breadth and in some cases their tinge of humor have kept them fresh and apace with the compositions of younger composers. They have as many aspects as life itself. Of his larger works, the New England Symphony, the Gulliver Symphony and the choral drama, Pilgrims Progress, are noteworthy.

Also on programs are found compositions from the work of two other Wisconsin composers, Carrie Jacobs Bond and Harriet Ware, both well known by their many singable songs. Other song writers from some of the other states suggested for February are Clara Edwards, Ernest Charles and Arthur Farwell of Minnesota.

From North Dakota comes Ralph Travis who has written for treble voices; also Paul Yoder, who has contributed to the music literature of the school band. Eric De Lamerter, a native of Michigan has chosen to compose for organ. Among those writ-

ing for piano is James Francis Cooke, also a native of Michigan. He has been editor of the Etude Music Magazine for over thirty years and president of the Presser Foundation since 1918. Mr. Cooke has composed in other media of musical expression and is the author of several books pertaining to musical subjects.

In the states suggested for March (Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma) were born several of the contemporary composers who are taking a definite part in the development of orchestral composition. One is Robert Russell Bennett of Missouri, who chooses such an interesting figure as Abraham Lincoln for the theme and title of a symphony. Another is Roy Harris, a native of Oklahoma, whose compositions have been played by leading American orchestras. Recently Mr. Harris was commissioned by the radio to write an orchestral composition based on American folk tunes. Likewise based on folk tunes and recently heard over the air is a work for orchestra from the pen of a Texan, David Guion.

Another composer interested in the string quartet is James Gutheim Heller, a native of Louisiana, now a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio. Although by profession he is at the head of one of the largest Jewish Synagogues of his adopted city, he finds time to compose and has produced such delightful works as "Aquatints for strings and the oratorio," "Watchman, what of the Night?" He also compiles the analytical notes for the program books of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Among those composers interested in the larger musical forms for voice, one might suggest Radie Britain, a native of Texas and John Glenn Metcalf born in Batesville, Arkansas. Of those interested in composing music for violin and piano, Albert Stoessel, Jessie L. Gaynor, Rupert Hughes and Buenta Carter, all of Missouri, might be mentioned.

The above by no means does justice to the composers of the fifteen states indicated for January, February and March. However, mentioning these few composers may inspire a further study of others who were born in these states.

JANET CUTLER MEAD,  
National Chairman.

# STATE CONFERENCES

## NEW MEXICO

THE twentieth State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of New Mexico, was held at Deming, Oct. 20-21, 1939, the State Regent, Mrs. R. K. Bell, presiding.

The ladies of the Butterfield Trail Chapter were delightful hostesses, every detail of the two days' meeting having been carefully planned and executed. The merchants of the city displayed flags, and bunting was festooned across the business streets.

At the opening meeting, addresses of welcome were made by Mrs. George D. Robinson of the Butterfield Trail Chapter; Mayor W. J. Evans; Mr. J. C. O'Leary, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; and Mr. Herman Lindauer, officer in the American Legion. They were responded to by Mrs. Rollo R. Hinkle, who later in the meeting was elected State Regent to succeed Mrs. Bell.

The address of the Regent on the "Ribband of Blue" was dignified, patriotic, and inspiring. Resolutions of love and respect were read by Mrs. Frances C. Wilson, for Mrs. George K. Angle, Honorary State Regent, and Mrs. Sarah Mitchell, mother of Mrs. Alice Shortle, Honorary State Regent; following which were memorial services for the above mentioned ladies, and Mrs. Tilden Joyce and Mrs. Cora Hume Archibald of Thomas Jefferson Chapter, and Mrs. J. C. Watkins of Jacob Bennett Chapter.

The banquet Friday night at the Country Club was an elaborate affair. The table decorations of ivy, gourds of various shapes and sizes, Indian corn, and pine cones were especially attractive, and all other appointments were in harmony. Four of the five Pilgrims who have had trips to Washington were introduced. These young ladies represent the choice of the High Schools of the State, for outstanding qualities in good citizenship.

The address of Mr. N. C. Collaer, Supt. of Immigration, on "Treasonitis" was instructive and interesting.

Music was furnished by Mr. W. G. Butterfield, soloist, and Leann Storrs, violinist, accompanied by Mrs. C. B. Morgan.

A pageant by members of the Children of the American Revolution was well rendered and patriotic.

There were flag bearers, a bugler, pages and a processional.

Thirty-four officers and delegates attended the conference which adjourned Saturday noon, to meet in Santa Fe, Oct. 11, 1940.

GRACE GRISWOLD BISBY,  
*State Historian.*

## TENNESSEE

THE Tennessee Executive Board held its meeting October 30th and 31st at Lincoln Memorial University as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Stewart McClelland.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Albert L. Craig, State President, U. S. D. 1812, very charmingly entertained Mrs. Henry M. Robert, President General; Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, Chaplain General; Mrs. Willard Steele, Curator General; Mrs. W. H. Belk, Vice-President General from North Carolina; Mrs. John H. Marshall, Vice-President General from South Carolina; Miss Marion Mullins, Regent of Texas; Mrs. Frederick A. Wallis, Regent of Kentucky; Mrs. William H. Schlosser, Regent of Indiana; and Mrs. Van Court Carwithen, Regent, Philadelphia Chapter of Pennsylvania,—the distinguished guests,—at a buffet supper in her home on Kingston Pike.

On Wednesday morning the distinguished guests motored to Maryville College where the President General addressed the student body. Later they were luncheon guests of Professor and Mrs. Ralph W. Lloyd and Miss Clemmie Henry.

Nearly two hundred regents, delegates and alternates assembled at the Andrew Johnson Hotel, Knoxville, to hold the Thirty-fourth State Conference of the Tennessee Society. The meeting convened at two o'clock on the afternoon of November 1st. This entire session was given to

chapter regents' reports. These reports represented the work accomplished by the respective chapters and showed progress in all D. A. R. activities.

The meeting was presided over by the State Regent, Mrs. Walter M. Berry, who presented the official hostess of the Conference, Mrs. Charles W. Donaldson, Chairman of the Appalachian District, and Mrs. Benjamin B. Cates and Mrs. Walter DeVault, Co-Chairmen for the Conference arrangements. The former presented the hostess regents of the district.

Greetings of welcome were brought by members of other patriotic and civic organizations, and to these words of welcome Mrs. John S. Frierson of Columbia responded.

The high-light of this session was the address by the President General, who chose as her subject, "Have We Traditions?"

Thursday morning the Historical Breakfast was held, over which Mrs. W. H. Hollinshead, State Historian, presided. Mrs. L. M. McCown of Johnson City, Miss Zella Armstrong of Chattanooga, and Miss Laura Luttrell of Knoxville contributed interesting historical information.

The high-light of the business session was the adoption of the building of a Health Unit at Baxter Seminary as Tennessee's Jubilee Project. Baxter Seminary is one of Tennessee's own Approved Schools, located on the Cumberland Plateau. This Health Unit will serve not only the pupils of the school, but those of the surrounding countryside.

A Conference Luncheon was enjoyed with Mrs. Charles W. Donaldson, District Chairman, presiding. Later a visit was made to historic Blount Mansion, the home of General William Blount, an early territorial governor of Tennessee. Memorial exercises were held in the First Baptist Church, and later the delegates were invited to enjoy the hospitality of Bonny Kate and James White Chapters at the historic ante-bellum home of Mrs. Roy Lotspeich on Kingston Pike.

A banquet featuring "Beautiful Tennessee" was held Thursday evening. Dr. James D. Hoskins, President of the University of Tennessee; Dr. Stewart McClelland, President of Lincoln Memorial; and Dr. Ralph W. Lloyd of Maryville College were the

speakers. Further carrying out the banquet theme a motion picture depicting the beautiful spots of Tennessee was shown. A double quartet from Lincoln Memorial University, under the direction of Professor Foss Smith, gave several groups of songs.

For the first time in the history of the Tennessee Society the State Officers were elected for a third term.

RUBY DAVIS BERRY,  
*State Regent.*

## SOUTH DAKOTA

MRS. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President-General, N.S.D.A.R., attended the South Dakota fall state board meeting in Mitchell on Nov. 6, which had been postponed from September.

Mrs. MacDonald Greene, state regent, presided at the meeting, and presented Mrs. Robert to the ninety members and guests. Mrs. A. F. Scharnweber, regent of the hostess chapter, Nancy Peabody, acted as the official hostess to the thirteen chapters attending. Miss Dancy Beth Coxe, a member of the Children of American Revolution, gave the American's Creed, and the invocation was given by Mrs. J. L. Abell, state chaplain. Mrs. Scharnweber gave the welcome, and Mrs. Dean W. Loucks, state vice-regent, gave the response at the opening of the morning session.

During the open forum conducted by Mrs. Robert in the morning, questions pertaining to program planning within the small chapter, what work is expected of the small chapter on national committees, and what the quotas were used for in the national committee work were asked by the members.

Mrs. Robert stressed the following main topics in her morning address at the forum: 1, that "patriotism is in fashion once again"; 2, a member of the D. A. R. is first a member of the national society, then of her state and chapter; 3, that each member receives in return for her membership, a verified line; and, 4, that the state regent is a member of the national board. She explained the division of the quotas which enable the national committees to do

the work for the three main objectives of the society.

After the one o'clock luncheon, Mrs. Robert gave her fall address on "Living Traditions" in which she charged the members with the following: 1, to master our own problems first before attempting other nations' problems; 2, that scorn is not the atmosphere to grow wisdom; 3, the principles of living today require faith in God, the nation, and your fellow man; and, 4, the state rises no higher than the thinking level of the people.

During the luncheon, which was served in the Masonic Temple, Mrs. MacDonald Greene acted as toastmistress. The dining room was gayly decorated with flags and banners hung on wires from the ceiling, and candles and flowers in red, white and blue on tables.

Mrs. Amos E. Ayres, past state regent, gave the greeting for the past state regents, and introduced those present, Mrs. E. P. Rothrock, Miss Lerna Veling, Mrs. C. A. Lafferty, Mrs. H. Gotaas, and Mrs. J. B. Vaughn. Mrs. Dean W. Loucks responded for the state officers, and the C. A. R. message to the state board was given by Mrs. E. R. Griffith, state director of the C. A. R., while the greetings for the Junior Membership committee was given by Miss Mary Hawley Perry. Mrs. J. H. Cumbow, state recording secretary, made announcements

following the luncheon pertaining to the business meeting of the state board which followed the luncheon.

A string trio, composed of Misses Iris Riley, Jean Fox and Betty Kretschmer and accompanied by Mrs. W. J. MacLean, furnished music during the serving of the luncheon. Mrs. H. M. Sparks led the "community singing" between courses while the string trio played the accompaniment.

State officers present were Mrs. MacDonald Greene, regent; Mrs. Dean W. Loucks, vice regent; Mrs. J. H. Cumbow, recording secretary; Mrs. J. A. Wilson, corresponding secretary; Miss Lerna Veling, treasurer; Mrs. J. L. Abell, chaplain; and Mrs. E. R. Bartling, historian. Chapter regents attending were Mrs. B. W. Neiber, Mrs. Frank Briley, Mrs. Frank E. Thompson, Mrs. Sadie Ruhlman, Miss Lerna Veling, Mrs. Eugene Callan, Mrs. W. E. Logue, Mrs. Myrtle Hess, Mrs. F. A. Randolph, Mrs. A. F. Scharnweber, Mrs. Carl Christol, and Mrs. Rollo G. Williams. Mrs. Marshall Truax represented her chapter, the John Coolidge.

Mrs. Robert was presented a copy of Badger Clark's "Sun and Saddle Leather" as gift from the state with a real Badger Clark poem dedicated to her on the fly leaf by the poet.

MARY HAWLEY PERRY,  
*State Press Chairman.*



## Wandering

RHODA GREENBERG

*Now, as the road turns onward, I can see  
A distant shadow, like a coming storm,  
But neither clear nor cloudy in its form,  
A waiting sight, impending mystery.*

*Here I have paused awhile to rest my head:  
To gain my goal at last, long have I tried,  
Or will I only see the sight instead,  
Like Moses on the mountain ere he died?*

*Now I must go: the road is waiting there,  
And I must follow as a life-long slave,  
A burden that I cannot always bear,  
And sometimes like a love I cannot save;  
But always there's the road and I must go,  
To lead me everywhere, but not to know.*

# Junior

## Massachusetts Junior Membership

**W**E believe in adequate National Defense. Is it not fitting that we also believe in our work for adequate Chapter Defense? What is our best line of Chapter Defense? Membership. Just how strong is that line? Do you want to add young women to your chapters and give them a training to make them valuable leaders in our work? If you do, let's get to work now. Don't wait until the March Conference, and then wonder why you haven't increased your membership.

I believe the greatest drawback to regents who want to start a Junior Group, is in finding enough girls to form the new group. It seems hopeless to start with two or three girls; they don't want to do it. That problem is, I am sure, solved by the Junior Round Table. It has never been my privilege to attend a more business-like, and enthusiastic meeting than the first round table meeting I attended last week. These young women are going places in a big way. It is an honor to announce a total Junior Membership of one hundred and nine against the ninety-two I reported at the spring conference.

We have made plans to raise money for our project, a loan fund to enable girls to join a chapter, and a Junior Group at once. The money to be advanced, to be paid back within a year. We are planning a Mexican Fiesta, which will be held in January. I didn't have to appoint a single committee chairman, they all volunteered.

Massachusetts needs new groups, if the chapters will help find the girls, we will do the rest. Give us a chance, we are having a wonderful time, and are accomplishing much. Give your chapter the benefit of these young enthusiastic members.



JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

# Membership

Work for a defense line on youth, don't wait until it is too late. Build now for the future, and be prepared.

**MRS. WILLARD RICHARDS,**  
*State Chairman of Junior Membership.*

## California Juniors

**C**ALIFORNIA Juniors were recently entertained by Mrs. Howard B. Kelly, State Organizing Secretary, in the gardens of her South Pasadena home, in order to

become better acquainted, and to discuss plans for the year.

The next event was another garden party by Eschscholtzia Juniors, honoring Mrs. William H. Pouch, National Honorary Junior Advisor.

Miss Mary Wells, Chairman of the Junior section in Cabrillo Chapter, Los Angeles, California, has lots of plans, one of which includes a second annual Junior reciprocity day to which all juniors in southern California are to be invited. Incidentally, their doll exhibit which featured authentic gowns worn by the first ladies in the White House, has been given to the Los Angeles Museum. Other special projects include continuation of Indian Citizenship, and Student Loan projects.

Mrs. William J. Hill, newly appointed Chairman of the Junior Section in Westwood, California, is busily engaged at the moment launching plans for a recently organized group, as is Miss Charlotte Speik from the Onenta Park Chapter in South Pasadena.

Eschscholtzia Juniors again top the news sheet with reports regarding a special project to complete a \$50.00 Helena Pouch Scholarship Fund.

From the one and only Reno Nevada's Sagebrush Chapter of Juniors, Miss Ellen Prince Hawkins reported that they held a

very successful benefit card party, netting \$75.00, plus a satisfactory May Junior State Round Table, and luncheon meeting.

Miss LOUISE JANACE McNARY,  
*National Vice Chairman Junior Assembly, Pacific Coast Divisional Chairman.*

#### *Northern Division*

**M**OLLY Stark Juniors of Manchester, New Hampshire, opened their fall season with a bridge party to benefit Stark House, on which restoration and refurnishing is being done. New Hampshire Juniors sponsor Junior American Citizen clubs, and raised money for this work in various ways, the current method being candy selling. In December they held Christmas party for their Junior American Citizens.

Staten Island Juniors are restoring the front door of the "Voorlezer's" House on Staten Island, now the property of its Historical Society. In the early Dutch days, before 1696, when the settlers could not afford a church and school, they built a house chosen "Voorlezer" (Dutch for person who reads aloud, i.e., an educator) who lived in it, preached the sermons, taught the children, arbitrated the community problems. This building is believed to be the oldest elementary school in the United States. Staten Island Juniors had a large bridge this fall and raised a good amount of the money for this work. They also sent \$10.00 to Washington for the Archives Room in honor of Mrs. Newton D. Chapman, Originator of the Junior Group Movement.

New York City Chapter reports a new Junior Group, of which Mrs. Walter Maggee is Chairman.

Katherine Pratt Horton Buffalo Juniors raised \$200.00 for Good Citizenship medals given in every Buffalo school. Shining, eager, young eyes and outstretched hands made this a very satisfying project.

Abigail Filmore Juniors have fifteen enthusiastic and hard-working members at work on several wonderful projects. They had a quiz on the flag code at their last meeting and Margaret Miller took home a good prize as the result of her work. At their recent meeting a box of sewing materials, clothing, yarn, household items,

and trinkets were assembled for Christmas at Crossnore.

Connecticut now has over two hundred members in Junior Groups in eight Chapters. A membership drive is on, with \$5.00 for the winning group and another \$5.00 for a new group organized this fall. Mary Clapp Wooster Juniors have just made \$46.00 at a rummage sale to help a Becker girl and their Ways and Means Committee. Penelope Terry Abby Juniors are hard at work on Red Cross knitting and bandage making. Freelo Baldwin Stowe Juniors are selling Christmas cards to help a Becker boy and to complete a tool chest they are sending to Crossnore.

Col. Christopher Greene Juniors had charge of their chapter guest night recently.

Beacon Pole Hill Juniors have sent money to Crossnore and packed a box, too, for them. Their next meeting will be an old fashioned candy dipping party. They work with and for their C. A. R. and are engrossed at present in Red Cross work.

MRS. DONALD PATTERSON,  
*Chairman Northern Division.*

#### *Southeastern Division*

**I**N FLORIDA a splendid beginning is being made by the Coral Gables Chapter. The daughters of the members have organized an auxiliary, their immediate project being to aid as pages at the State Convention in March.

Thirteen of the thirty-four chapters in Mississippi have a Junior Chairman appointed and six groups have been formed. In chapters where the membership is small, Junior Committees are functioning. Efforts are directed toward the restoration of "Rosalie" and Juniors will figure actively in the February State Conference program.

Junior Memberships in Georgia are rapidly increasing through the organization of new Groups. Georgia's total is now eleven. All groups have pledged support to the Helen Pouch Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools, have shown interest in sponsoring C. A. R. Societies, and have begun studying the Constitution of the United States and the By-Laws of the N. S. D. A. R.

EVELYN WATKINS HILL,  
*Chairman Southeastern Division.*

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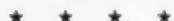
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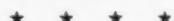
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